

The

BRAMWELL BOOTH
GENERAL

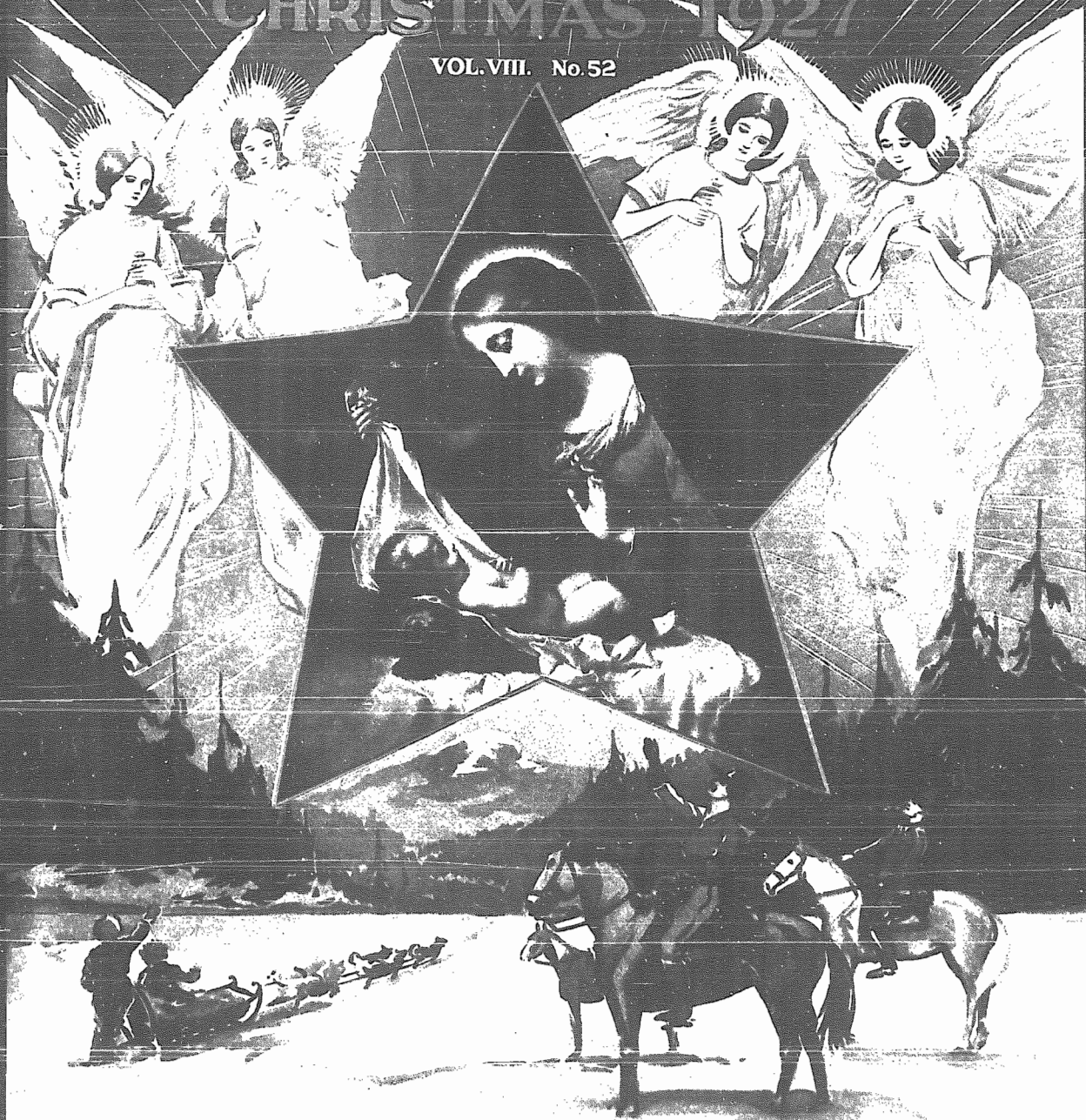
WILLIAM BOOTH
FOUNDER

CHAS. T. RICH
LT. COMM'R

WAR CRY

CHRISTMAS 1927

VOL. VIII. No. 52



"We Have Seen His Star"

WINNIPEG

DEC 25TH 1927

PRICE 10¢

"No Room for Him"

By the late Commissioner John Lawley



"There was no room in the Inn."—Luke 2: 7.

"Be ye lifted up, ye Everlasting Doors, and the King of Glory shall come in."—Psalm 24: 9.

I KNOW a Man; His Name is spread abroad throughout the earth today. He was rich; but for our sake became poor. It was Christmas Eve when He made the change, and in doing so He left behind Him unfading flowers, flowing fountains, brightest beauty, grandest glory, seraphic singing, matchless music.

Look at Him. He steps off the highest throne; He receives His Father's farewell; the angels' goodbye. He walks down the Golden Street; He is passing through the Pearly Gates. He arrives at His new quarters, to find there is no room for Him. He is not wanted. His quarters a stable; His bed a manger, with the beasts' straw for a covering. That was a black reception, but I will show you something blacker than that.

So much was He unwanted, that His life was threatened. He was without cradle or country; crib or city; the foxes had holes, the birds of the air had nests, but the Son of man had not where to lay His head. He Who created the world, laid Himself down upon the mountains, He hungered and thirsted; was contradicted by sinners; derided by His own, tempted by the devil, and alone wrestled with the powers of darkness. But He plodded on. His was a hard fight; but that is not all, it was only the beginning.

Gethsemane was blacker than anything that had gone before; the loneliness; the sweat; the blood drops; the bitter cup, with no hand but His to hold it. The tired disciples and their failure to watch; and inability to help; the betrayal kiss.

Darker still; the mock trial; Pilate's Bar; the nails; the hammers; the spear; the soldiers; the thirst; the vinegar; the gall. They fetch this and they fetch that, to complete the death grip and the crucifixion. Oh, those nails and thorns! Oh, the tearing of the tender flesh! Oh, the thirst! Oh, the mocking voices! Oh, the humiliation of it all! Black, black, black, but blacker still!

He hung there for your sins and mine, and in that moment it seemed that the Father had turned away from His beloved Son because of sin. He cried out in the supreme agony of His life, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" But to save you and me, He held on, held on in the darkest hour, and at last, with a triumphant cry, "It is finished," He died. He was faithful unto death.

Would you know the joy that is set before Him, then share His sorrow. Do not shrink from the agony of the Cross. For if any man would be His disciple, he must take up His Cross daily, and follow Him.

And, oh, here He comes for you to follow? Make way for Him. Can't you see Him? Don't crowd Him, but follow after Him quick, quick. Here He is! A Man! Look, don't you see His feet are bleeding, that blood is on His hands, that drops are falling from His lacerated brow? And, oh, my God, look at that wound in His side. He is coming nearer. Make way, I say, for the Son of God, the Sinner's Friend.

And right from the Earth to the Heavens He is leading us! See, see, the Gates are opening; the Shining Ones are coming out to meet Him. The King of Glory enters in—and we may enter, too.

Consider Him who endured such contradiction of sinners against Himself, lest ye be weary and faint in your minds. Consider Him, who, for the joy that was set before Him, endured the Cross, despising the shame, and is now set down at the right hand of the throne of God.

No more darkness; no more loneliness; no more the shut door; sorrow, pain, hunger nor thirst, nor revilings. The lonely Bethlehem leads to Dark Calvary, but it also leads to the Resurrection Morn; the breaking of the seal; the rolling away of the stone; the ascension to the Skies. "Lift up your heads, O ye Gates, and be ye lifted up, ye Everlasting Doors, and the King of Glory shall come in."



OUR CHRISTMAS MESSAGES

HOW BEAUTIFUL upon the mountains are the feet of Him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth.

It is impossible in any one issue of our paper to touch all, or even the main activities of The Salvation Army. Our Special Numbers, such as the one we now present to our readers, reach thousands of friends who would, we are sure, like to have more news of what God helps us to do for the betterment of the world. "The War Cry" may be obtained weekly from our local Corps, or by subscription sent direct to the Editor-Publisher, 317 Carlton Street, Winnipeg, Man.

Again—Any friend who desires to study the doctrines, principles, and methods of The Salvation Army can obtain books by our Founder and The Army Mother, by the present General and Mrs. Booth, or by leading Officers; also Handbooks of our Doctrines or of our Regulations; from the Book Room of The Army at Territorial Headquarters, Winnipeg. A call at this centre of Army interest will always be welcomed.

Enquiries concerning anything connected with The Army will gladly and readily be answered if addressed to the Commissioner at Territorial Headquarters. Statements of Account and Balance Sheets, which, duly audited by firms of repute, are published annually, will be forwarded on application.

Further — We exist as the "Servants of All" — without any regard to class, color, or creed. Indeed, this is one of our gladdest boasts, that we stand ready for all. Are you in any personal anxiety? Does any spiritual difficulty press heavily upon you. It would be our joy to endeavor to help you, and to bring to your encouragement the words and practise of Jesus, our Lord.

Are you in any social need? Is there any domestic harassment which troubles you? Any sorrow of the home? We are your servants for Jesus' sake—your trouble is our trouble, and our Burdenbearer will be yours. Have you any loved ones away from you, so far away that their very whereabouts are unknown to you? Tell us about them, and

we may be able to do for you and them as, by God's help, we have done for thousands—find them and bring them home again.

Another word. Have you any plan for your life, or are you content to spend the days and months and years in a purposeless manner, so that you can never say, "Something accomplished, something done?" No purpose for yourself, or for your fellows in this life, and no purpose for the life which is to come? Have you heard no call to service for humanity and God? Remember the Master's awful words concerning him who should "lose his life." The Army will give you almost unbounded spheres of labor for God and your fellow men.

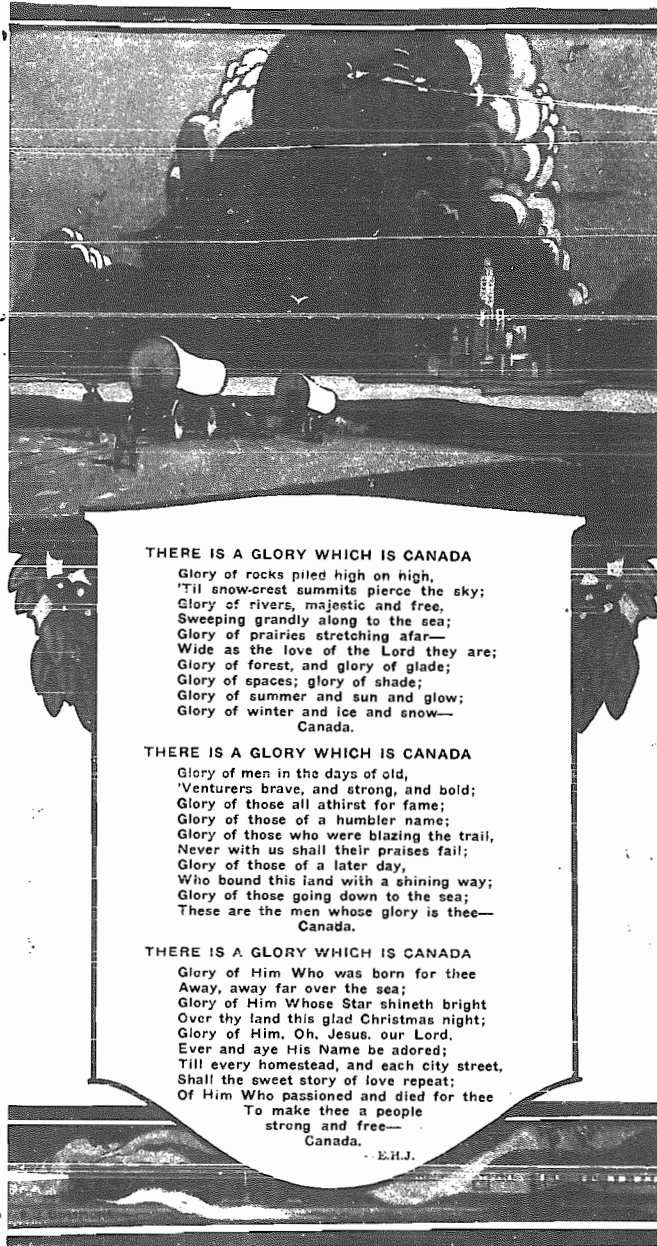
Service for God in The Army we offer you. Nay, we call you to it. For the children, the sick, the wanderers, the hopeless, the desolate, and for those in their sin and about to die. "Follow me," said the Lord. "Follow with us," says The Army.

Still further — And the urgency and importance of our message now grows upon us as we write. Have you never heard or have you ceased to hear, the call of the Christ to your own sinful heart? Are you among those who shut their doors on Him; or spitefully use Him; or treat Him with such utter indifference as though He did not exist? It may be that this word will seem to fall by chance across your vision, or it may be that the sound of the Christmas music and carol will cause you to say, "Who is this Jesus?" We assure you, if you will but breathe His name in the faintest form of enquiry, He will tell you things of Himself, and, you giving Him the opportunity, He will give you that which we call "the joy of sins forgiven."

And—Have you ceased to companion with Him? Were there Christmas of the past when you joined hands with Him? When the Herald Angels and yourself sang in accord? Well, true it is, and true you know it to be, you can bring your broken and backsliding

heart to Him once more. Is there any better news than that?

Break forth into joy, sing together, ye waste places of Jerusalem; for the Lord hath comforted His people. He hath redeemed Jerusalem.



THERE IS A GLORY WHICH IS CANADA

Glory of rocks piled high on high,
'Til snow-crested summits pierce the sky;
Glory of rivers, majestic and free,
Sweeping grandly along to the sea;
Glory of prairies stretching afar—
Wide as the love of the Lord they are;
Glory of forest, and glory of glade;
Glory of spaces; glory of shade;
Glory of summer and sun and glow;
Glory of winter and ice and snow—
Canada.

THERE IS A GLORY WHICH IS CANADA

Glory of men in the days of old,
'Venturers brave, and strong, and bold;
Glory of those all athirst for fame;
Glory of those of a humbler name;
Glory of those who were blazing the trail,
Never with us shall their praises fail;
Glory of those of a later day,
Who bound this land with a shining way;
Glory of those going down to the sea;
These are the men whose glory is thee—
Canada.

THERE IS A GLORY WHICH IS CANADA

Glory of Him Who was born for thee
Away, away far over the sea;
Glory of Him Whose Star shineth bright
Over thy land this glad Christmas night;
Glory of Him, Oh, Jesus, our Lord,
Ever and aye His Name be adored;
Till every homestead, and each city street,
Shall the sweet story of love repeat;
Of Him Who passioned and died for thee
To make thee a people
strong and free—
Canada.

— E.H.J.

Illustration by courtesy of the Canadian National Railway Magazine

Yuletide in Iceland

The Story of a Christmas Voyage in an Open Boat
Over Tempestuous Polar Seas

By BRIGADIER S. GRAUSLUND, OF DENMARK

EVER since those far-off times, when St. Paul wandered from town to town preaching the Gospel of Christ, often stoned, scourged, imprisoned, or on his perilous travels, the messengers of the Gospel have had to be prepared for trials, self-denials and sufferings, of mental and bodily character, as a consequence of their work.

Whether under the sun of India, or in the icy clime of the polar regions, wherever the Gospel is preached, among the cannibals of Africa or among the multitudes of metropolises, its messengers must be ready to encounter any kind of ordeals. But—hallelujah!—throughout the earlier Christian times the Lord Himself did give, and in these days and ever hereafter will give, to His disciples power to run through their appointed course, whether it be strewn with thorns or roses, or maybe most often with both, the very revelation of the wonders of Christianity.

The Beautiful Midnight Sun

Iceland, with its glaciers and cataracts, its numerous hot springs, its live volcanoes, the land of the beautiful midnight sun and the most splendid aurora borealis one can imagine, possesses a great many wonders of nature and is an exceedingly interesting country.

The period of ten years which my wife and I spent in Iceland was greatly blessed by God. Our faith was strengthened, and we met with experiences of both kinds, so that we can now better say, as the Apostle, "I have learned to wait, and also to have in abundance." But the work on this remote island entails considerable difficulties; no railroads, and but few ships will call at the small towns along the coasts particularly during the winter season. The scanty population lead a solitary life, and the small fishing towns can only be visited with difficulty.

As a Divisional Commander it fell to my lot now and then to visit the small Corps situated on the coast of Iceland, and one of these travels I shall describe briefly.

It was in the middle of November I left the capital of Reykjavik, on board the S.S. Sterling, in order to visit our little Corps of Isafjord, a small place on the northwestern corner of Iceland.

According to the time-table the "Sterling" had to call at Isafjord and subsequently proceed to the northland for discharge of goods, and again on her return to Reykjavik call at Isafjord, thus leaving me a week's stay at the Corps.

I was quite delighted at this schedule, which would also secure my return to Reykjavik at the end of the month.

Stranded on the Northland

Some days after my arrival at my destination I caught sight of a telegram posted up at the harbor which in brief words stated that my ship Sterling had stranded on the northland, and that a salvage steamer had been ordered up from Reykjavik.

The following days brought only scanty reports of the stranding, and the only newspaper of the town, a little paper issuing once a week, had not much to tell but that the Sterling had been towed to Akureyri, and there was hope of repairing her so that she would be able to proceed on her route.

With impatient hours of waiting, one day wore away after the other for me, and the days became weeks, and still no ship appeared. I was considering going home by land, which possibly might be done, but such a journey would in this season last ten to twelve days, requiring a special travelling equipment and entailing many hardships, and would amount to about two hundred Danish crowns in expenses.

The five or six weeks of waiting which now passed away were indeed full of disappointments and broken hopes.

My wife was at that time obliged to take charge of our Sailors' Home at Reykjavik. Here the house was crowded with sailors, Christmas business having

This stirring article will be of special interest to our co-citizens from Iceland: that brave and historic land which has sent so many of its sons and daughters to be brothers and sisters in our midat.

commenced, every Christmas bringing us 500 sailors for whom we have to cater. My presence was required for several reasons, but I failed to appear.

One day the steamer was rumored to arrive in a couple of days, and another day the rumors were refuted, with the statement that the delay would last a week or so more.

Hoping to be Home

At first I was hoping to be at home in the beginning of December; later on my hope was reduced to aim at the middle of that month, and finally I had to face the fact that I had to stay and spend my Christmas there I was.

Our little Corps at Isafjord had no Meeting on Christmas Eve, so the Captain and I went to church at 6 o'clock.

The congregation was in holiday dress. The minister preached beautifully, the hymns sounded lovely, but still no feeling of festivity or Christmas joy would enter into my heart.

The service was soon over, a Christmas hymn was sung; it sounded somewhat strange to me in the Icelandic language, which is much unlike my native tongue.

Still the tune was familiar to me, for the hymn was a translation from Danish, being one of the Christmas chants I learned as a child and of which I knew every word.

As we came to the verse where the Danish text has:

"The King of Heaven among us lives,
And Christmas joy to His He gives,"

the light broke into my soul; my eyes were opened when I was reminded that Christmas joy is first of all a gift from God through Jesus Christ, and independent of my surrounding circumstances whether for or against me.

I had allowed my deep disappointment, my own particular trials and other conditions of the outward life to take away my Christmas joy. The song brought light, and again I saw, what had been my experience through many years, that he who accepts the Christmas King as his personal Saviour, through whom we have been granted the great gift of atonement, possesses a Christmas joy which nothing can take away.

With a glad heart I left the little church where the Lord visited me and gave me the very message I needed.

Willing to Take Any Chance

In the morning, on Christmas Day, I was informed that a little motor-boat was to depart for Reykjavik.

Everyone will easily understand that spending Christmas Day in a small motor-boat on the open Atlantic on an Iceland coast is neither pleasant nor without danger, but still when someone has been waiting impatiently for a ship through five or six weeks the longing for home has grown so strong that one is willing to take nearly any chance offered if only one can get away.

"Horses trotting homeward need no whipping," says a Danish proverb;

neither did I need any persuasion to decide for going home by the motor-boat.

One hour later the boat was clear to start, and in joyful expectation of reaching Reykjavik in the course of twenty-eight or thirty hours I embarked together with three other passengers.

In the Rough Sea

It had been a rather heavy snowfall during the night, but the weather was now fairly good. In the afternoon, however, it became overcast, and before evening we had a contrary storm. It was a hard strain on the small motor-boat, which made no advance whatever in the rough sea, and several times we had to seek refuge in some little creek or frith for shelter.

These were indeed dreadful and gloomy Christmas days, and whenever the cold and seasickness would permit me to think clearly my thoughts went to my home, to the Christmas Meetings now going on, to comrades and friends in those countries, to the large cities where thousands of happy Salvationists were now gathering together, and then the thought would steal in again: "Oh, why are you alone here in this small boat on the great ocean, and even on Christmas?" But, hallelujah, even before that voice had ceased in my heart an angel from God whispered, "Be of good cheer, for you are in your Master's service, bringing men and women of all kinds the Gospel of salvation!"

Indeed, it is true that the angels are spirits of service sent to the aid of those who are to inherit eternal happiness; in my loneliness I realized that fact.

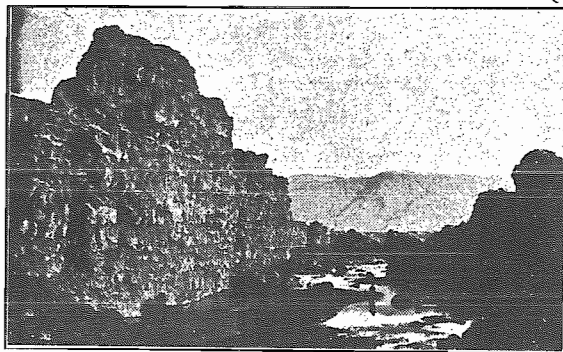
My confidence returned, praise God. "If the boat goes down and we perish, well, then, my wanderings on this earth have ceased, or if we get safe home to Reykjavik, then thanks to God for that!" I said.

Christmas Joy in the Soul

Under such circumstances salvation in Christ is fully realized, for in spite of all there was heavenly Christmas joy in my soul.

The voyage, which ordinarily takes twenty-four hours, in consequence of storms and contrary weather, now lasted four days, and when our frail boat passed through the entrance of Reykjavik my prayer of thanks arose to the Lord, because He once more granted me the privilege of seeing my wife and the dear, faithful comrades.

Later on I was informed that a few days after our departure from Isafjord the harbor became frozen up. The "Sterling" never did appear, and if we had not come away by the motor-boat on Christmas Day I would have been obliged to stop most of the winter there.



Rugged, but Picturesque—a Scene in Beautiful Iceland

All in a Stable Cold and Bare

(Tune—"Ellacombe")

All in a stable cold and bare,
A lonely infant lay;
The night was dark, but round that Babe
Was bright as summer day.
A lonely maiden watched beside
To soothe His plaintive cry,
While angel voices filled the air
With sweetest lullaby.

The word-ring shepherds heard the strain,
As by their flocks they staid;
The light of heaven around them shone,
And they were sore afraid.
But "Fear ye not,"—an angel said,
"Good news to you I bring:
This night is born in Bethlehem
Your Saviour and your King."

"Yet not in kingly state He lies,
In royal robes arrayed;
But meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."
Then carolled forth a heavenly throng
Beyond all human ken—
"To God be glory in the height,
And peace on earth to men!"

Then said the shepherds one and all:
"To Bethlehem let us go,
And see this wonder come to pass,
Which God hath led us know."
And soon they found the heavenly Babe,
And bowed them down before:
Oh come and let us join with them,
And our dear Lord adore.

"A Man of Joy"

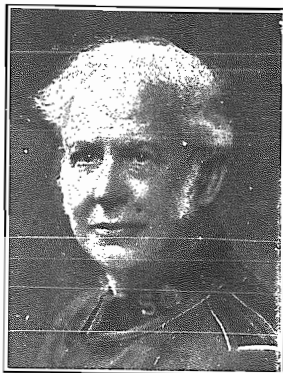
BECAUSE Jesus bore the sins and sorrows of the whole world, we are apt to think of Him only as "A Man of Sorrows"; but it would help us to remember that He was just as truly a Man of Joy. He brought us a joyful religion. How often we hear Him saying, "Be of Good Cheer." He loves to see us happy. The joy that Jesus wants to give is a lasting joy; nothing can destroy it.

It was just before His crucifixion, with all the agony and humiliation before Him, and—what was perhaps harder for Him to bear—a full knowledge of the bitter tribulations through which His disciples were to pass, that He could say, "These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and to that your joy might be full." And to make the beautiful fact doubly sure, He added, "Your joy no man taketh from you."—(The late Captain Miriam Booth).

Christ Glorified in the Commonplace

The General's Christmas Wish

See colored plate on centre pages



THE birth of Jesus Christ was the central fact of a great company of facts. It was the chief event amidst a world of events. I sometimes think that we may better understand and realize the full significance of our Lord's coming into our human life—in human form—by human agency, if we attend a little carefully to the lessons which may be learned from the surrounding circumstances of His advent as well as from the study of the great Event itself. Reading the Gospel narratives with the references made to them in the New Testament as a whole, we cannot but feel the importance of the details which are so carefully described as being intended for some purpose. Everything that happened in those memorable days has some lesson, some truth, to teach us. Everything throws some ray of light on the grand central truth—our Saviour is born—our King has really come!

Let us, then, with reverence and love, look around on the facts of the first Christmas morning, and watch for a moment or two with humble gratitude and joy for those lessons the great Teacher would have us learn.

I.—SUFFERING

It was amid the solemn sufferings of His mother that the Babe entered our life. The early sojourn of Jesus, both as child and man, really began in the pain and weakness of Mary, and it would seem that from that starting-place suffering became His daily companion to the very end. Nothing more beautiful or more true has ever been said of Him than the Apostle's words to the Hebrews that "it became Him, for whom are all things, and by whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the Captain of their Salvation perfect through sufferings."

Now, is not here a light thrown upon our own path? If the perfect obedience and completeness of a perfect character in the Divine Son were won through the medium of His sufferings, shall not we also be ready that measure of suffering which falls to us? Shall we not submit ourselves in faith to the Holy Will which ordains or permits it? Shall we not anticipate and expect it rather than dread it? And shall we not consecrate and sanctify it, and let it help us on to that highway of Holiness to which our Divine Master calls us?

Then answered the Lord to the cry of His world:

"Shall I take away pain,
And with it the power of the soul to endure,
Made strong by the strain?
Shall I take away pity that knits heart to heart,
And sacrifice hope?
Will ye lose all your heroes that lift from the fire
White brows ye the sky?
Shall I take away love that redeems with a price
And smiles at its loss?
Can ye spare from your lives, that would climb unto
mine,
The Christ on His Cross?"

An old writer on this subject says, "Christian perfection comes through Christian suffering," and although that does not perhaps contain all the truth, it is nevertheless quite true that just as the sufferings and obedience of Jesus led Him to the attainment of His great perfection—perfection which is for the whole world and for all time—so suffering, sanctified by the Grace of God, will lead us step by step to the liberty and victory and perfection of the Kingdom of God.

Have we not often seen, do we not see now, how those who fall in this—who, instead of accepting, resist the dispensation of suffering, and murmur against it—miss that strength and sweetness of character which it was intended to bring in, which in fact when sanctified it does bring in? Are more than that, do we not see how they fail, and openly fail, to reach the high places of usefulness which it was so apparent

God had planned for them? Do we not sometimes think and say, "Yes, it is very sad, they lose their way?" And when we say this we mean that if their suffering had been sanctified it would have proved their guide.

II.—HUMILITY

But let us look again into this dimly-lighted stable. Surrounded by the silent beasts of the field and lying before them in one of the mangers from which they take their food is the King of Glory, the first-born of the Sons of God. Could anything be more significant of deep humiliation before men as well as before God? Could anything be more a token of the truest simplicity and humility?

Well, have we not in this a foreshadowing of one of the greater principles of the Christ-life in us? Humility is the creation of Christianity and Christian experience. The old world scarcely dreamed of it, especially as a thing to be desired or sought after. We see in this our own day, both in the life of nations and in the lives of individuals, how little the spirit of the world tolerates it. Nay, we see how the spirit of the world despises or hates it, while calling loudly for all that belongs to self and self-assertion and self-seeking—to pride, and the praise of men, and self-confidence—to vain conceits and vain glory.

The world cries out, "Be yourself—think of yourself—do yourself well—do not be left behind—do not be left out—do not think yourself unworthy of any gift that Almighty God can bestow." Alas, how far is all this from Bethlehem, and from the gentle mother, and the humble dependence and simple humility of the Child.

But it may be said our Lord stood forth as a great Person, claiming to be equal with God. Yes, there is no doubt that there was a wonderful self-assertion about His character which played no little part in securing His influence upon men. But the self-assertion of Jesus is not the self-assertion of an independent self; it is rather that of a self which has no interest save God's Cause, and no glory that is not His. Indeed, over all that we know of Him, from the Manger to the Cross, may be written His own words: "Learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

How do you stand in this matter? The great test is found in your estimate of yourself in relation to others. To be humble towards God is really a very small matter. It is, as someone says, no great humility in a fly to esteem itself nothing in comparison with a mountain. It is no great humility in a drop of water to esteem itself nothing in comparison with the ocean.

Humility is best seen in not esteeming ourselves above others, and not desiring to be so esteemed by them.

III.—SOME COMMON THINGS

But I am looking again at that strange group in the Stable. It does not surprise me that all the great artists for two thousand years have lingered around that most commonplace, and yet most wonderful, gathering. The thoughts of unnumbered multitudes have striven to visualize that scene. So we may look, and as we look it seems to me as if everything has become suddenly exalted because of the presence of the Babe. The rough, untidy place itself, littered with the straw of the farmyard, has become a Sanctuary. The crude fittings, the old-fashioned implements, the ordinary cattle, the stony floor, the water troughs, and the mangers—are they not all in some way transfigured by the new Presence? Notwithstanding all their roughness are they not now like unto consecrated things—yes, even holy things—because, and just because, the Saviour, Jesus Christ our Lord, has come among them? They are still the common farmyard things they were before, and yet they have become different, so different, so memorable.

And the common people as well as the common things were there. Mary had some friends, and it was early in His life that Jesus showed the spirit of true friendship as exercising an influence upon Him. He made friends. He trusted them. He chose them from among the ordinary people of His acquaintance, and they who had been nothing without Him became important and striking characters simply from having His presence and friendship.

So again I see light upon the common life of today. It is not so much, after all, that to lead a holy life we need new things—a new body—a new home—a new employment—new friendships—new family conditions. What a delusion is this notion, so common in the minds of multitudes, that they need to change their circumstances in order to realize the fullness of happiness and peace. No, the great need is that Jesus Christ, this same Jesus, should come amongst us, that we should bring Him into the humble, simple, ordinary, commonplace things of daily life and experience. If only He will come He will make all things new.

Ah, do we not see how the most ordinary life—the most unnoticed—the most needy, can be uplifted and purified by this? How often do I hear it said, "Oh, if only I had this or that—if only I was there or yonder—if only I could change these things in my life for those—then all would be well with me—then I could be saved—then I could be sanctified—then I could walk in white—then I could say, 'Thy will, my God, be done.'"

Believe me, this is a great mistake. What we really need is that Jesus should come and fill the house. Just that, for that will bring all. Humility, patience, love, prayer, faith, purity, joy in believing, strength in sorrow, victory in temptation, peace that passes understanding—all—all shall then be ours because they are all His and His to give.

Comrades and friends, may I beg of you this Christmas, and will you accept this as my Christmas wish: Do not let there be any place, any plan or purpose or hope or affection in your life, to which He is not welcome, to which He may not come as Saviour and King.

Minna W. Booth.

"Unto Him, that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His Own Blood, and hath made us Kings and Priests unto God and His Father: to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever, Amen."—Revelation 1: 5, 6.

The Shepherd Boy of Bethlehem

A Tale of the Nativity

By LT.-COLONEL ED. H. JOY



Even now I can see my mother shading her eyes as she watched us take our ways across the plain

Our father was a man of some wealth in those years—owning greater flocks than any other of the neighborhood, and well respected round about; on the days when he took his herds to the market at Bethlehem town, his coming was hailed with many tokens of that respect. He was stately in his bearing; many thought him churlish—he was so in his speech more often than not, and oft did my mother chide him in her gentle manner, and liken him to Nabal of the olden days; that churlish man whose tale is told in sacred writ, and with whom the stirring story of our Father David is associated, and whose fields lay not far from the scenes of my own boy-hood years.

The Father's Churlishness

But there were times when the father's churlishness dropped from him, and he was as gentle as my mother herself, and then he would gather us around him—by the cot door on the summer evenings, and by the chimney corner on the chilly winter nights—and tell us weird and wild tales of his own early life. Of his adventures on those very plains; of his escapades in the great City of Jerusalem—at which my mother would bid him, "Be done"; and sometimes, in a whisper and with many warnings that we should keep the tale as a sealed book, of his fightings with and raids on the Roman masters of our land.

We would listen open-eyed and all agog for more—my brothers and I—until I, sooner than they, tired with my day's racings and play, would fall asleep across my mother's lap, and then be gently roused to take my night's rest in the safety of the cot. My father would then gather his cloak around him, and take his crook-staff and follow after the shepherds who were already busy with the folding, but who never slipped a chance or failed in a count except on those rare occasions when he had not been there to oversee them.

Rough, rude men those shepherds were, but not wanting in respect to my father's wishes, or in courtesy to my mother when she ventured amongst them, or in a clumsy sort of playfulness with me—the baby of the master's household.

That wonderful night

Sometimes my father's tales, or the starry splendor around us, would keep me more widely awake than at others, and I would be so full of the stories to which I had been giving attention, and sometimes aggravated by the teasings of my brothers, I would plead that I too might take my turn at the sheepfold—the night was fine; I was tired of being treated as a baby; surely, surely I could go. And then my mother would urge me to my bed of sweet-smelling hay, so cozy and warm, and make once more her sweet-voiced promise, that soon, very soon, I should go, but now her little Benjamin must bide at home and bear her company.

But that night, that wonderful night: the stars were just coming out in their shining and the moon hung in the heavens with a silver light that spoke of purity, which, had I known it, and been able to express it, was all akin to the innocence of those days. That night my father was in one of his capricious and least churlish moods; my mother, too, seemed for a few moments to realize that I was a big lad, and I was to go to the sheepfold.

My first night out in the fields; my first night by the camp-fires out there by the big rocks which made such a place of safety for the sheep, and yet which, to my boyish imagination, seemed all alurk with creeping things and beasts of prey. By day the flocks were scattered across the plain, but in the chilly nights then upon us they were driven for greater warmth and security to where those great stones gave shelter, and made a natural fold. Here the great fires were lighted and the men sat and watched and kept themselves alert with rough play and somewhat wild and rude tales.

The weird rocks

My mother wrapped me around with the sheep-skin which had done similar duty for my brothers, and gave me some food in the bag which hung on my girdle, and with my own small staff in my hand I followed my father. The great rocks stood up weirdly around us, taking on most strangely different shapes from those they presented by day. Away in the distance I could see the lights of Bethlehem—oh, little town of Bethlehem—fading out one by one, and then there shot up the glares of our fires. I heard the bleating of the sheep, and scented their warm smell—that smell which ever reminds me of that wonderful time—and with gay laughter and boisterous chaffings I was welcomed by my father's men. Laughingly they made me one of themselves, and told him that he would not now need to trouble to come himself; that the flock would be safe in my keeping; and that they might, one and all, compose themselves to sleep.

One of them, a younger man than the rest, and who was a stranger in our countryside, made room for me by him, and as I sat there he told me, in those night moments, strange tales of the parts from which he came—from that wild land beyond the Jordan, and of the dangers of the roads down there, and then he sat quiet for a while, and it seemed as though he had fallen into a muse. By and by, he began to sing softly to himself; it was a song of far-off places of which I knew nothing, but he sang so tunelessly and invitingly, that the gay talk of the rest of the shepherds ceased, and soon they too were joining in the melody. The song had become one of those which we Hebrews sing with a catch in our throats and oft times a tear in our eyes—a song which tells of great days gone, great things done, and greater things to come, even out of the sorrow and shame of our people's captivity. One of those songs which sometimes we may not sing when our Roman masters are within earshot, but which tell of freedom drawing near; when our Messiah shall come and all the nations of the earth shall call Him blessed.

A gloom over my spirit

Boy as I was—I lay there and was thrilled by my next companion's song and the radiance of the night, and throwing myself down I gazed up into the heavens, and it seemed to me then that the stars began to go out and that the moon had exhausted itself. The singing ceased, and the night seemed so still. A gloom fell over my spirits. I lifted myself for a few

(Continued on page 7)

Chapter I.—Which tells how I saw the Star and heard the Angels sing.

I HAVE wandered far both in body and spirit, since that wonderful time, but it is still one of the chiefest memories of my life. Mayhap I brought some sorrow to my sweet-faced and gentle-hearted mother before she passed away mourning for me and my some-time wildness, and left my grey-haired father in his loneliness down there on the fields of Bethlehem. I would give much, if I had it, to regain some of the boyish eagerness of those years, when every day meant a new play and a fresh adventure—though, God wot, they were innocent enough.

But, ah me, I am long since satiated with such plays, and though I often think I look too wearily on life, as the years go I am but a young fellow, although the years seem many and the miles long I sit by the camp-fire. I would give much, as I say, if I could catch again some of the thrill of that wonderful night—such a night as men may never see again, and which is so strongly on my memory.

Many days and many nights had I importuned my mother, and tried to cajole my father, into allowing me to spend at least one night with the shepherds in the fields, where nightly our flock was folded, and where my elder brothers watched them through the long summer days, and sometimes during the chilly winter days. I counted it no great joy that I should go with Simeon and Joseph, for they teased me and called me "Mother's Benjamin" and made as though I was far from them in their grown-up estate, and I liked it little. I minded me many times of our Father David's sheep-tending adventures, but dared not say anything of them to my brothers, for they would have teased me the more, and maybe, have frightened me with some of their unkind and thoughtless play; but I would have thought it great joy and manhood to be with them on such nights as they were allowed to join the men in their night-watches, and would even have braved the practical jokes they would surely have passed on me.

We would gather round my father by the cot door as he told us weird tales



moments and looked around and then towards where I could see the lights of the town. As I looked, one by one they dimmed until it seemed that the gloom which had so suddenly fallen over my spirits had cast itself over all the countryside, and instead of the friendly hillside town, which I knew so well, there was an unfriendliness and inhospitality so strangely at variance with all my former thoughts concerning it.

Many were the times when I had joyously careered across those fields from our country cot, on those days when my mother took me with her to the town. Its narrow, hilly streets were full of wonderment, and its merchants ever had a ready smile for me—for did not my mother serve them honestly with the small wares she brought to their market, and so was she not always welcome—and her sons?

"Expect no kindness here"

But now as I gazed—and I remember it through all the years—it seemed as though some unfriendly spirit had taken possession of the town; as if it were saying—"Expect no kindness here." It maybe that those were not the actual workings of my mind at the moment, and that I am now setting down that which has come to me as a result of my after-knowledge, but it is true that as I looked away across the plain, Bethlehem did not seem quite the same—but then I had never seen it at night from the shepheld.

The singers had ceased their song, and the fires had lost some of their glow, and not a sign of their warmth, and I nestled down again between my father and my new found friend, and gazed, and gazed away skyward. The night had, as I say, taken on a strange stillness, only disturbed by the occasional bleat of the sheep, and some movements they made in their dreams—if so be that they do dream. My father, now and again, passed a friendly word with the shepherds, perhaps to test their wakefulness, and I strove with might and main also to maintain my own watchfulness.

And then my father gave a cry of surprise, and lifting himself on his elbow, looked towards the city; and I, now fully awake, did the same. And there we saw a star in the heavens the like of which had rarely been seen before. It hung as a golden lamp in the sky; not cold and silver as had the other stars of the night, but with a gleaming, regal glow which proclaimed it as the very Queen of the Heavens. There had been no such light in the sky when last I looked in that direction, and I rubbed my eyes, thinking it might have been a part of a wondrous dream, but it shone the brighter.

As I looked it seemed to me that the earlier unfriendliness of the city's aspect had passed away and that this new light said, "Here is a welcome for everybody.

none need ever more be friendless and alone." Steadily the Star shone, and every other light grew pale until it covered the whole of that sleeping town with its comforting glow. All around us the shepheld was wrapped in darkness—all the darker because of that mysterious orb in the distance.

Then as we waited, wondering and still, just over our heads there seemed to come a wondrous breaking of the dawn—and watching: a breaking of the dawn is the only way in which I can describe it; a dayspring from on high. Not in the East where we might have looked for the dawning, but away in the skies overhead. It seemed to take on a brighter and greater glory than that wonderful star which still hung over the town, and which, by comparison with this fresh light, faded ever so little. And we were sore afraid.

"Never have I seen such marvels in the heavens," said my father. The fear yet in my heart caused me to clutch at his girdle as he started to his feet. By this time all the men were gazing skyward and a strange, strange hush fell on all around. The very sheep seemed to cease their restless movements, and the cattle their murmured lowings.

Clanking of broken chains

As we watched the widening rift in the sky there fell on our ears—we all heard it—a sound of marvellous sweetness. At first it sounded like the rushing murmuring of some river; a sound of waters springing up in the desert—so it seems to me now. As I listened, and think of it again after all these years, it told of weary travellers finding refreshment from the toils of the long, long day; and then it seemed as if one could hear the gasp of multitudes as they sighed their relief at the laying down of burdens; and then—in it my fancy now—there came the clanking of broken chains which turned to the veritable harmonies of joybells; and all the time we waited for that which we knew not, and in spite of the wonder and beauty of it all—we were sore afraid, but with a fear which had in it a marvellous thrill of expectation.

Then it came upon the midnight clear! That voice—that voice of the very heavens. The sweetness of it! The gentle charm as it came down out of the rapturous welter of which I have tried to tell!

And there appeared amidst that widening glory an angelic being the like of which I had only pictured when hearing the Scripture story. The purity of the appearance was beyond anything I can describe, and yet seemed to harmonize with the wonderful strains which had been filling our ears, and the angel spoke out of the glory of the Lord round about him,

There appeared amidst the widening glory an angelic being . . . of appearance beyond anything I can describe.



The mother gave us but a glance ere she turned to crouch over the Babe that lay in her lap

and we listened with awe in our hearts. "Ye men of Bethlehem; ye humble, one would regard the shepherds as a poor folk," it seemed to say: "Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the City of David, a Saviour, which is Christ of the Lord."

Again the murmuring music held us entranced, and we bowed ourselves to the ground, when once more the Voice spoke, and continued "And this shall be a sign unto you; ye shall find the Babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger."

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men."

Shall I ever forget the glory of that chorus; the wonder of it all; the thrill, the beauty. Once more there came to us, this time as with a burst of melody the like of which had never been since the morning stars sang together, and it seemed to me—I know it did to me, whatever it may have been to the others—that every shackle on earth had been broken, and that this world was to know peace for evermore. "Glory to God in the highest."

As the strains fell away, and the glory of that revelation slowly passed, the strange midnight dawn faded down into the darkness once more, and we caught another glimpse of the golden glow over Bethlehem, and it seemed to say "Come, come." And rising from the ground on which we had fallen prostrate the time the heavenly host was singing, I heard my father say, "Come, let us also go unto Bethlehem and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us. Let us go and worship."

Chapter 2.—Which tells how I saw the wonderful Babe.

Nothing would content me but that I should go also. The morning dawn was already breaking over the fields when we came down to the cottage where my mother eagerly awaited us. Some faint stirrings of the night had reached her, but she knew naught of that which had come to us at the shepherds. To us whose duty and joy it was to watch the sheep had first come the great tidings. (Surely after that mighty scene in which

we had been allowed to participate, no one would regard the shepherds as a class apart). It was with a wonderful uplift in my spirit—and maybe excitement within—I strove to tell my mother of the things I had witnessed and heard. Of the beautiful star over the city; of the song of the first angel; and the mighty swelling of the great chorus, which even then (and is now) was ringing in my ears.

My mother smiled indulgently as she set about making the morning meal, and so, eagerly taking my brothers outside, I endeavored to tell them of my adventure. I heard my mother's soft questioning of my father, and his grave replies—as now and anon he besought her to hurry for he was keen on getting to the city.

Even now I can see my mother

As I say, nothing would do but I must also go. My brothers, whom I had filled full of my tale, were slow to leave for the daily sheep tending, but my father hurried them away, and then, he and I and my young shepherd friend led the rest of the herdsmen citywards. Even now I can see my mother shading her eyes with her hand as she watched us take our ways across the plain. I remember I wanted her to be one of our company, but, mother like, she stayed behind to do the family tasks and to have the house ready against our return.

So speedily had been our brief meal that the traces of the night still held across the sky as we neared the hill leading to the city gate, and now—faint against the morning brightness—we could see the glow of that wonderful dayspring star—even yet hovering over the town.

The gates were just opening as we arrived, and we, perforce, had to stand aside while passed out a throng of those whom duty or pleasure called to the worship at Jerusalem—that wonder City whose golden towers were gleaming in the distance from the rays of the fast rising sun. Sedate Levites, and haughty Pharisees, and proud Roman—they passed us as we waited. Going up to spend the day at the Capital City in worship or pleasure or duty as the case might be. The Levites and the Pharisees to pass it in sacrificing and in joining in the daily worship at the Temple; the Roman to stalk the streets in proud arrogance. There also poured forth a crowd who had come up for the "Numbering," as my father vaguely called it—they too passed

(Continued on page 20)





A crowd, orderly enough and with stolid patience, thronged the doors.

"GIVING vs. TAKING"

- OF -

Christmas Day in the City of Peking

By MRS. STAFF-CAPTAIN BECKETT
of International Headquarters, London, E.C.

THE AIR was crisp and cold. The sunshine, made doubly bright by its reflection in the clear ice of the lake, was dazzling but deceiving, for it conveyed little warmth. We snuggled down into the collars of our fur-lined coats, pulled our caps over our ears, and crept a bit closer to each other, for the ice boat on which we were travelling afforded little protection from the weather. Sails were useless that calm day, albeit the boat coolie minded that but little. With a strong rope he ran ahead and pulled until the boat's velocity was increased by its momentum; then he sat on the edge of the boat for a rest until it slowed down again and required another pull. By this means our progress was reasonably fast, and long before we had too much of this novel mode of travelling, we saw the further shore of the lake looming into sight.

Carried out Army traditions

The time was Christmas Day and the place was the city of Peking. A Salvation Army family, we had carried out Army traditions and had already taken part in a busy Christmastide. Carolling till late at night, we had been awakened early by that excitement which is the same the Christian world over, when there are children in the house; "Look, Mum, what Santa Claus has brought me!" "Say, Dad, how did old Father Christmas know my size?"

There had been a rushed, excited breakfast, a visit around to Comrades, both Chinese and foreign, with seasonable greetings, a friendly word or two to Chinese employees, and then the decision to go and help in the extra distribution of food, which was The Army's way of celebrating Christmas in the Porridge Kitchens.

For the world is composed of Givers and Takers, and we thought it well for

With the quick and novel journey already referred to, we soon found ourselves wending our way down the lane that led to a large open space on which had been erected a crude but serviceable building. Over a scaffolding had been fastened straw matting, two or three layers thick, with further straw mats for the roof. There is no rain to be feared, and the snow easily slides off the slippery surface of the matting. Inside all was snug and warm. Even outside, close up against the mats, it was possible to feel some comfort, which accounted for the row of "Les Miserables" who, whilst waiting in the queue for admission, pressed their faces close against the walls.

Too soon for distribution

The large building consisted of three compartments. In the central one, where food was prepared, a huge cauldron and stove formed the main articles of furniture. The porridge was boiled in the cauldron, and the chimney of the stove, instead of conveying the smoke and heat direct to the outer air, was made to wind in and out underneath the brick k'ang (Chinese bed, made like a platform the whole length of the room) in the other two compartments, forming a resting place for the night, both warm and sleep-producing.

We were nearly an hour too soon for the actual distribution, but a crowd, orderly enough and with the stolid patience characteristic of the nation, already thronged the doors. The fragrant steam belched out through the doors now and again and rewarded those who had been fortunate to get there first, and brought a yearning look to the faces of many to whom this hot meal meant, ah, so much.

The piles of large basins were standing ready, for the Officers had started work good and early. Indeed, the night had been a sad one and had brought them little rest.

Shiver, shiver and shiver

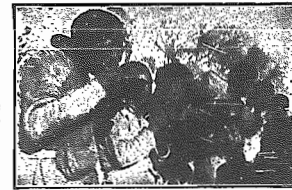
Have you ever been really cold; not just cold in the extremities and chilly in your body; but becomingly cold, till the pain of it ceases and only the misery remains? So cold that sitting by a huge fire for an hour does not warm you; so cold that, covered with plenty of warm straw on a warmed bed, you cannot stop that continual shivering which seems internal as well as external? A man as cold as that had crept into the shelter on Christmas Eve. He had slept in doorways with the temperature at, or below zero for nights. His food had been cold scraps for which he had fought with the pariah dogs at the rich man's door, but he was too cold even to feel hunger. The Officers had allowed him to sit close to the huge brazier of red-hot coals, with which the sleeping compartments were heated, until far into the night; then he had crept to the place assigned him between others of his ilk. But not to sleep. To shiver, shiver, shiver, until all else was quiet and the watchman was well on his way to the end of the other large sleeping compartment. Then out the shivering man crept for just one more attempt to get warm.

the children to see, young as they were, how the Givers do really, paradoxical as it may seem, have the best of it.

It was dark. The glimmer of the oil lamp that hung between the two rooms only accentuated the shadows at this end of the room. A smell of burning-cloth, hair, flesh. A hurried alarm, and his charred body is found lying across the burning embers. Warm? Ah, yes, warm at last!

The embodiment of a pathetic story

We mingle with the crowd, every unit of which is the embodiment of a pathetic story. Here is a strong-looking young richshaw coolie. If he was alone he could earn enough money to keep himself, but when his pittance must be divided between three, his mother and grandmother both being unfortunate enough to be widows with no surviving offspring but himself, it is a different matter. His



One by one they take the basin of hot millet

grandmother he carries on his back, for the stumps of her bound feet on which she has tottered so long have at last become numb and useless, and one would not dare undo the rags that bind them for fear of what one might find! The mother stands close by the side of her son, for even Chinese beggar mothers can be proud of stalwart sons who chivalrously protect them.

That old woman with her face pressed close against the place where the chimney emerges through the matting into the open air is no beggar. She is a pa shih to sui (more than eighty years old) she tells us, and works for her living collecting scraps of paper and rag in the street. She has already, this Christmas morning, collected quite a lot, so much that she finds it a relief to take the large basket off her back and stand on the ground while she warms herself and waits for her meal. If she does not have to spend the few coppers she earns on food, she may be able to save enough, in time, to buy a secondhand coat, not quite so disreputable as the one she is wearing, and so keep her old bones a little warmer than they are.

The orthodox mendicant look

We wander in and out amongst the crowd. Some gather their rags closer as we approach, and put on the orthodox mendicant's expression, but in many eyes there comes a look of grateful recognition—not of our faces but of our uniform—for The Army of the Helping Hand is making itself understood, and they have discovered that we represent the Givers, taking our example from the great Giver of all, who loved the world, and of which China is so large a part—so much that He gave His dearest and best.

We are talking to a blind man and woman who have a little baby that can see. We offer to hold it for a moment and the mother says, "Don't take it far away, will you? It's all we have!" We have admired its dirty little brown face, and given it back to her, when an expectant tremor runs through the crowd.

The door is opened and they sweep in. One by one they take the basin of hot millet that is handed to them—the extra cake and meat for Christmas will be

given them as they go out—and go and sit cross-legged in rows on the floor of the long Hall. From somewhere under the rags they produce chopsticks, and bits of salted vegetable or salted meat, innocent of paper covering and smelling none the better for that, and the feast begins. The blind, of whom there are seventy or eighty, have a corner all to themselves, but the appearance of their basins in a few minutes' time proves that, though the sense of sight may be gone, some other sense replaces it for some purpose, for not a grain of millet is left either inside or outside the basins. Five hundred people, chopsticks licked clean, a hope born of a nourished body springing up within them to help them bear the burdens of the day, sit and listen whilst, in a few simple Chinese words, the Officer explains the great Gift that Christmas celebrates, and asks if any of these Takers would like to follow the example of the great Giver, and give—themselves.

There is a sudden consternation in one corner. The little white children have wandered in and out amongst the crowd causing great interest by their ready response to all remarks made in the Chinese tongue. But now the little three-year-old is weeping. Gifts of porridge, salted vegetable, a piece of colored paper ingeniously twisted into semblance of a toy are all offered in succession. But none of these assuage the tears. With a storm of sobs she hides her face in her mother's bosom, and cries, "Oh, Mummy, they've got nothing. May I give them all my things?" In the short space of two hours she had learned a lifelong lesson, and, leaving the Takers forever, she had joined the Givers. For it is ever "more blessed to give than to receive."



By General Bramwell Booth:	
Echoes and Memories.....	\$2.00
Papers on Life and Religion.....	.85
Bible Battles.....	.75
"Servants of All".....	.75
By Mrs. General Bramwell Booth:	
Friendship with Jesus.....	1.25
Powers of Salvation Army Officers.....	1.25
Likeness to God.....	1.25
By The Army Founder:	
Salvation Soldiers.....	.75
The General's Letters.....	.75
Religion for Every Day.....	.75
"Sergeant-Major Do-your-Best".....	1.25
By The Army Mother:	
Popular Christianity.....	.75
Papers on Godliness.....	.75
Life and Death.....	.75
Aggressive Christianity.....	.75
Practical Religion.....	.75
Biography:	
William Booth, by Harold Begbie	
2 vols.....	each 2.50
Catherine Booth—The Mother of	
The Army, 2 vols.....	each 2.50
Captain Miriam Booth.....	.85
Commissioner Railton.....	.85
Commissioner Lawley.....	.85
Commissioner Howard.....	.85
Notable Officers of The Army	
"Morning Thoughts" by Col. Roberts	1.00
MUSIC:	
"Songs of the Evangel" (Illustrated)	
by Commander Eva Booth.....	1.50
Postage on books of one dollar and	
under, 5c; over one dollar, 10c extra.	
Write The Army Supplies and Publishing	
Department, 317 Carlton St. Winnipeg,	
for complete list of Army Books.	



The row of "Les Miserables" waiting for admission

The Great Fact of Christmas

The Saviour came from
Heaven to Earth
That we might go from
Earth to Heaven

By

MRS. GENERAL BOOTH



I WISH all my readers a happy Christmas and a glad New Year. What a great fact is happiness! How generous a gift of the Creator is our capacity for happiness, given, without respect of persons, to all!

I would remind you that if you are to be happy, it will chiefly depend upon yourself. A happy Christmas—this good English phrase largely points us to the way of happiness, but I fear its meaning is too often obscure. We use the words apart from their real meaning. We think happy thoughts, perhaps, in connection with Christmas; thoughts of friendly reunions, of gifts and pleasures, of holidays and excursions, of feasts and excitement—all these things Christmas brings to many. And in thinking of Christmas, many think of all these things, not at all of what the word speaks, not at all of the Christ of Christmas.

Christmas day is a notable anniversary. Let us remind one another that Jesus Christ came to be with us. The Christ is the central figure of the Christmas feast. He is the great fact, He came. He really did come. He came from Heaven to earth, that we might go from earth to Heaven.

His own received Him not

He came to His own, though His own received Him not. They cast Him from them. They cried, "Not this man but Barabbas!" But He came to them.

He came to call sinners to repentance. Yes, He comes today in this same way. Morning and evening, summer and winter, by His Spirit in the hearts of His followers, He is calling still to sinners.

Returning one Saturday evening from a long journey by motor, I felt rather depressed by the crowd of apparent pleasure-seekers streaming along the roads. I had not been cheered by any glimpse of Salvation Army uniform, other than that of the Comrade sitting by my side, and the crowds depressed me with the feeling that God, whose beautiful sun had been shining upon us all the day long, seemed so utterly forgotten.

Suddenly a little crowd at the corner of a side street attracted our attention. It was a Salvation Army Open-Air Meeting, with the Flag and a small group of uniformed Salvationists, and a little crowd of outsiders. They were praying, and joy again took possession of me as I thought that our land, on this Saturday evening, contained hundreds of such groups, bearing their testimony and sending out the call to sinners.

He came forth from the Father to do the will of Him that sent Him; to show what the Father wants of His sons and daughters here below; to be our example—this beautiful Christ of Christmas.

To be near sinners who are offenders

Think of His coming. He came to be near to sinners and offenders. Not only did He come to this world not only did He become a partaker of flesh and blood as we are, but He came near to us in feeling and thought. Separate He is from sinners, yet how near to them He comes. He is "touched with the feeling of our infirmities." He is able to succour those that are tempted, because "He himself hath suffered being tempted." Yes, He came to be on our plane, not a high and lofty one, but a meek and lowly Jesus.

What a lesson is this for us who are Salvationists! We are to follow Him in this nearness to sinners. How the destroyer of souls tried to come into our holiest things, and just when we are most blessed, to bring us into the spirit of the Pharisee! In those precious moments when we ought to speak with God and tell Him of our own shortcomings, like the Pharisee who "prayed with himself," we pray with ourselves, and thank God that we are not as others are, and review our good deeds. When this spirit enters, we make a gulf between ourselves and the poor sinners. They cannot pass over to come to us, they feel our separateness, and we feel no desire to draw near to them. Our self-righteousness repels them.

If you are a wearer of the beautiful words, "The

Salvation Army," let the Christ of Christmas speak to you of His nearness to sinners, of His accessibility, of His tenderness, of His understanding sympathy, and remember that in this He left an example that you should follow in His steps. He wants through you to be near to those that are afar off.

His coming is shown in the idea of His calling to us. He is calling to sinners, "Come unto Me, I am the Saviour of sinners." Wherever there is a sinner ready to seek Him, there He is ready to pardon and save.

"I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me." Are you exalting Him in this sense, my Comrades? Can He speak the call to sinners through you? Has He given to you the power He gave to His first followers, so that you can take the lame by the hand, and bid them rise up and walk?

Best of all, He not only came, but He remains with us. "I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." His coming was an abiding. How very much this means: His cheer, His assurance, His word in our heart: "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world."

Has He come to you?

Has He come to you, my Comrade, in this way, overcoming in you the world and all that is unlike Himself? You came to Him as a sinner. You have received pardon and peace. And now His great desire is to abide with you that His victory may be yours. This He cannot do until you are willing that He should possess you fully. He says: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock."

Jesus has come. He is here. If you receive Him you will be made like Him. We also may be sons and daughters of God. But if Christ be rejected, then life, happiness, peace, and all that is worth having is also rejected.

May your Christmas be happy in the true sense of His having come, and of His abiding presence!

WHAT a wealth of memories of my dear homeland the very name of Christmas brings forth. What happy, tender recollections of childhood life. How we love to look back upon those glorious care-free days.

The Yule Tide celebration in Sweden is not confined to one day only, but we have twenty successive days of it. Naturally for such a long holiday season, we must make a great deal of preparation. According to an old custom of Sweden, the thrifty housewife must make as much as possible of the different foods. This means, that she will have to start in, good and early. She will have to prepare her meats, preserving, pickling, curing, and so forth, which will fill her store house with all the fancy appetizing meat we see in the delicatessen shops of today. In olden times, they had to get ready their own candles, but in later days electricity has made this unnecessary.

Delicious cookies and pastries

Then comes the baking season, when the Rye Crip is made and the many different delicious cookies and pastries which all can easily be put away in boxes. There is also sewing, and the making of the different gifts, etc.

In the meantime the children are also having exciting times, calling council together, planning presents for mother, father, aunts, and uncles. Coming closer to the holiday season and being rushed with work, friends are invited to sewing bees, engaging all night, yes, even the early hours of the morning to work on so to get everything finished in time. What a jolly time they all have, no one ever gets sleepy on such occasions.

In every well ordered home the work is completed by the morning of Xmas Eve. The tree is decorated and the finishing

Christmas in Sweden

By MRS. MAJOR LARSON (St. Louis, U.S.A.)

touches put to everything, the sheaf of grain, put in a nearby tree, for the birdies, must not be forgotten.

The Christmas tree is lighted

At 4 o'clock in the afternoon there are Church services held, if not in the country places, at least in the cities, after which the stores being closed, everybody hastens home to a 5 o'clock cup of coffee. From now on the streets are deserted for the evening. It would only be a homeless wanderer who would venture out on such a night, or a busy helper of Santa's, or that very high person himself. The Christmas tree is lighted, everybody is called to the living room, hymns are sung, and very soon Santa Claus (in Sweden called "Julmtenten") will appear, or perhaps being too busy himself sends one of his sons to ring the doorbell and leave a basket of gifts outside, or better still to roll a huge parcel in through the door and disappear unnoticed during the excitement. After the evening meal, father reads once again the wonderful story of the "Coming of the Christ Child," then there are the family prayers, in which all take part, man servant and maid, if there be such. The house is then set in order for the night and the entire household retires, because in the early hours of the morning everybody must be awake and ready to go to the House of God.

So far it has only been more of a family affair and home celebration. Now starts

the religious celebration, the best part of the Holiday Season. The part of it that has set its stamp indelibly upon my heart and memory for life.

Just imagine the impression it would make, being out in the early winter morning together with your family; wherever you turned you would see crowds of people, crowds almost like the "5 o'clock rush," only there would not be the same hurry and noise. Low conversation, though not depressing, but an uplifting, joyful, reverent atmosphere. The sound of the Church bells, the thousands of shining lights, beaming upon you from the churches, chapels, and Army Halls.

I felt as if I was walking with the shepherd of old, but no, it was not over the hills of Judea my steps did echo; this was the twentieth century pilgrimage, and we had found Him, we were only renewing our worship.

Everybody gathered in church

Six o'clock finds everybody gathered in the church and citadel and to the mighty accompaniment of pipe organ or silver band, thousands of voices sang together the old well-known hymn, *Sy, Pa, book No. 55*, in which the poet so beautifully expresses the thought that young and old of the human race have met together to worship in prayer and in song, the greatest of its sons. A most impressive service follows, the whole Meeting lasting

about an hour and a quarter. Enough time between for breakfast and rest. Eleven o'clock finds us again ready for a wonderful Holiness Meeting. A full Sunday's program does our Xmas Day involve, and the following day, which is a Holy day also.

But what about the family dinner? Oh yes, somebody stayed behind and cooked the duck or goose, and the family together with some relatives and friends find time to eat it, but the Meetings must not be missed. The more we have of them, the more like real Christmas it is. Thus is the whole Yuletide taken up with Meetings and glorious festivities of different kinds.

The Slum Sisters invite the families in their neighborhood to our Halls where they are treated to lots of good food and plenty of Gospel. Also the old folks are remembered, and the drunks, have their special evening; then we have several entertainments for the young people and the children.

Quotes a verse of Scripture

New Years Day and the 6th of January, called the "Thirteenth Day," both with a full Sunday's program, and by now the winter campaign is in full swing. The thirteenth of January is called "Knut's Day," this is the last on the program and there are generally children's parties. The Christmas tree is lighted for the last time. Each child lights a candle and quotes a verse of Scripture about the light, or sings a little chorus. At the conclusion of the program the tree is carried out, all helping to do it.

Thus the door is closed on Christmas once more, but what a happy time it has been, what wonderful blessings it has brought, what glorious opportunities for intensive soul-saving it has presented.

WAR CRY

The Desire of the Nations

By LT.-COMMISSIONER CHAS. T. RICH

Territorial Commander for Canada West

THE world has always desired one who should fulfil all its ideals of beauty. Beauty of physique; beauty of character; beauty of teaching; beauty of life; beauty of love. A being of matchless beauty—of person and character. There has always been the dim idea of the coming of such an one, and that when he should come he should verily be the "Desire of all Nations".

Hebrew history is rich with the promise of His coming. While the rest of the world dreamed that One such should come, the Jews firmly held to the belief that it was for and in their nation He was to be. Prophets and seers especially foretold Him.

"The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between His feet, until Shiloh come; and unto Him shall the gathering of the people be."—Gen. 49: 10.

"And He said, 'It is a light thing that thou shouldst be my servant to raise up the tribes of Jacob; and to restore the preserved of Israel; I will also give thee for a light to the Gentiles, that thou mayest be my salvation unto the end of the earth.' Thus saith the Lord, the Redeemer of Israel, and his Holy One, to him Whom man despiseth, to him Whom the nation abhorreth, to a servant of rulers, kings shall see and arise, princes also shall worship, because of the Lord that is faithful, and the Holy One of Israel, and he shall choose Thee." Is. 49: 6-7.

And by such sayings and prophecies as these the Jews kept alive their hope of the Coming One. They were only a small nation, but in this wise they maintained a very real and royal dignity. Small they were, but truly great—made and kept so, by the national hope—nay, certainty—that from them should arise this Holy One.

Might it not be argued that this hope contributed more than anything else to the keeping alive of their ideals; to the maintaining of their standards of life and conduct. Would it not help in keeping alive that separateness from the world around them. Preventing them from entering into entangling and God-dishonoring alliances. Would they not be dominated unconsciously by the thought that with this great privilege came a mighty responsibility. If from out of them was to come this Desire of all Nations, then what manner of persons ought they to be?

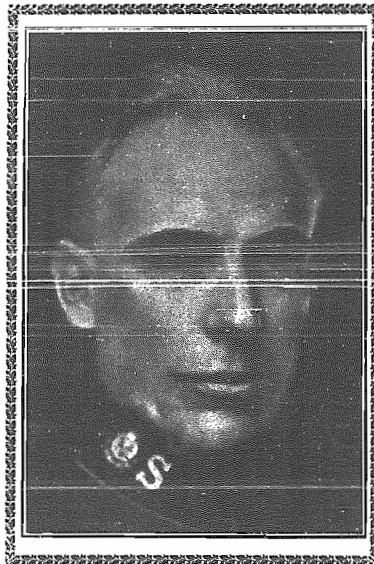
So the vision of the Coming One was always the vision of One glorious within and without; One Who would right the wrongs of their nation, restore its lost glory, and deliver them from the bondage of the oppressor. Their eyes were always filled with a vision of national splendour; once more they would take their place in the forefront of the nations of the world as a Royal Race and an Imperial People.

And through all the vicissitudes of their history the vision lived on. It was there, vitally there, when the Babe was born in Bethlehem. So definitely was it in the very warp and woof of their thinking, that after three years of the actual company of Jesus—three years of teaching that His Kingdom was not of this world—that at the very last, on the Ascension Mount, the deepest thought in the national consciousness was revealed in the question, "Wilt Thou not at this time restore the Kingdom to Israel?" How strangely ready the human mind is to respond to the idea of physical power and

pomp and grandeur, and all the outward show of a great nation. Are we not in danger ourselves of forgetting the warning of one of our own poets?

*"God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle line,
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget."*

*"The tumult and the shouting dies,
The Captains and the Kings depart,
Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart,
Lord God of Hosts be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget."*



This idea of power and the mad desire for it in a physical sense has had the world in chains from the beginning—almost—of history. Millions of lives have been sacrificed to it; the treasury of the world again and again exhausted. And what is true of the nations is equally true of individuals. Desire gone mad in a variety of ways. Man driven by insatiable desire for something that is forever eluding him.

It is not unlike the prophetic promise to the Hebrews. Just as in one case the prophecy was misunderstood and misapplied, and led to acts which contributed the darkest page in all history, so this individual desire, this insatiety, this misunderstanding of God's purposes for us, have led to dark pages in human history, and to tragedies of individual lives, the record of which makes the heart more than sad.

The Hebrews failed to understand the promise. They listened to their prophets' glorious anthems of the Coming One, but only heeded the triumphant chords; they did not heed the strains of humility, or the heart-rending minor notes of sorrow and sacrifice. They gloried in the triumphant note of Isaiah's song:

"For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given, and the government shall be upon his shoulders; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace."

"Of the increase of His government and peace, there shall be no end, upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom to order it, and to establish it with judgment and with justice from henceforth even for ever. The zeal of the Lord of Hosts will perform this."

But they failed to appreciate the glorious minor music which sang so thrillingly and so hopefully of One Who was:

"Wounded for our transgressions," "Marred of visage more than any man," "No beauty that we should desire Him."

It is this age-long error that the human heart is always making. The mistake that the avid desire of the heart can be satisfied with the things that can be seen and handled. Always the desire for something bigger and better for ourselves; always the urge outward for the satisfying of the desire. Yet, always the sweet beg of the Christ—"The Kingdom of God is within you."

This misdirected desire leading to hatred and bloodshed; to devastating wars between nations; class war between communities; the clash of interests on every hand. The rush for wealth, pleasure, and power. Desire, desire, desire insatiable. Men rushing in every direction but the right one. Why? Is it not because the "God of this world hath blinded their eyes?"

Then what is the message to us today? Just this, that although "there is no beauty in Him that we should desire Him," yet He is the Desire of all Nations. No beauty until blinded eyes are anointed with heavenly eye-salve, but when so touched we see the Altogether Lovely One, the Fairest among Ten Thousand, the Desired One.

The heart of this world will never find rest until its vision is corrected; until it looks not upon things which are seen, but on the things which are not seen. "For the things that are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal." Can "we whose eyes are lighted" help the world to this corrected vision? We can and we must by crying on every and any occasion:

*"Oh, come and look awhile on Him,
Whom we have pierced, Who for us died,
Together let us look and mourn,
The Christ of God is crucified!"*

And so He stands in the midst to-day—the Lamb of God slain from the foundation of the world; the Desire of all Nations, and glad is His message to the restless heart of the world; the world laboring for bread which satisfieth not, laboring for wealth, for pleasure, and for power. Ye that are heavy laden with unfulfilled desire, with the burden of thwarted hopes and unrealized ambitions. With "the perished secret hopes"; with vows unhonored, pledges unfulfilled; with heart-breaking sense of failure; heavy-laden, oh, heavy laden with the burden of unforgiven sin; here is the Desire of the Nations, and He says:

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest; take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart and ye shall find rest unto your souls."



THE FOUNDER OF THE SALVATION ARMY

GENERAL WILLIAM BOOTH IN 1856

"The Love Story that Influenced the World"—Page 15

1928	
Fri.	Sat.
6	7
13	14
20	21
27	28

[illegible][illegible]

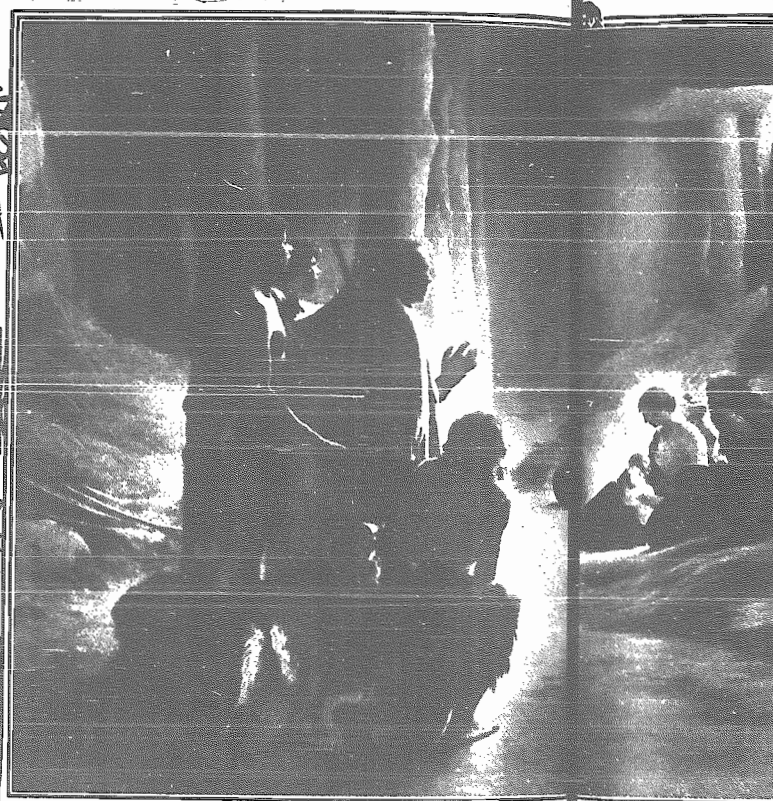
1928		FEBRUARY					1928	
Sun.	Mon.	Tue.	Wed.	Thu.	Fri.	Sat.		
5 5	6 13	7	1 8	2 9	3 10	4 11		
12	13	14	15	16	17	18		
19	20	21	22	23	24	25		
26	27	28	29					

1928		MARCH					1928
Sun.	Mon.	Tue.	Wed.	Thu.	Fri.	Sat.	
1 6	2 14	3 21	4 28	5 1	6 2	7 3	
8 4	9 5	10 6	11 7	12 8	13 9	14 10	
15 11	16 12	17 13	18 14	19 15	20 16	21 17	
22 18	23 19	24 20	25 21	26 22	27 23	28 24	
29 25	30 26	31 27					

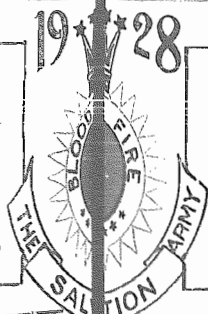
1928		APRIL		1928	
Sun.	Mon.	Tue.	Wed.	Thu.	Fri. Sat.
1	2	3	4	5	6 7
8	9	10	11	12	13 14
15	16	17	18	19	20 21
22	23	24	25	26	27 28
29	30		1 M	2 L	3 M 19

MAY							1928
1928	Sun.	Mon.	Tue.	Wed.	Thu.	Fri.	Sat.
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31	

1928		JUNE					1928
Sun.	Mon.	Tue.	Wed.	Thu.	Fri.	Sat.	
3 10 ³	4 11 ¹⁰	5 12 ¹⁷	6 13 ²⁴	7	8	9	
10	11	12	13	14	15	16	
17	18	19	20	21	22	23	
24	25	26	27 ⁺	28	29	30	



THE ARRIVAL OF THE SHEPHERD



ST. LUKE 9. And
mouth of the holy
ghost, which has been
since the world began.
21 That we should be
saved from our sin-
ners, and from the
hand of all unclean
spirits.
22 To perform the
office of our
fathers, and to recom-
mend us to our
fathers, and to recom-
mend us to our
fathers.
23 That we should be
saved from our sin-
ners, and from the
hand of all unclean
spirits.
24 To perform the
office of our
fathers, and to recom-
mend us to our
fathers, and to recom-
mend us to our
fathers.
25 That we should be
saved from our sin-
ners, and from the
hand of all unclean
spirits.
26 To perform the
office of our
fathers, and to recom-
mend us to our
fathers, and to recom-
mend us to our
fathers.
27 That we should be
saved from our sin-
ners, and from the
hand of all unclean
spirits.
28 To perform the
office of our
fathers, and to recom-
mend us to our
fathers, and to recom-
mend us to our
fathers.
29 That we should be
saved from our sin-
ners, and from the
hand of all unclean
spirits.
30 To perform the
office of our
fathers, and to recom-
mend us to our
fathers, and to recom-
mend us to our
fathers.
31 That we should be
saved from our sin-
ners, and from the
hand of all unclean
spirits.

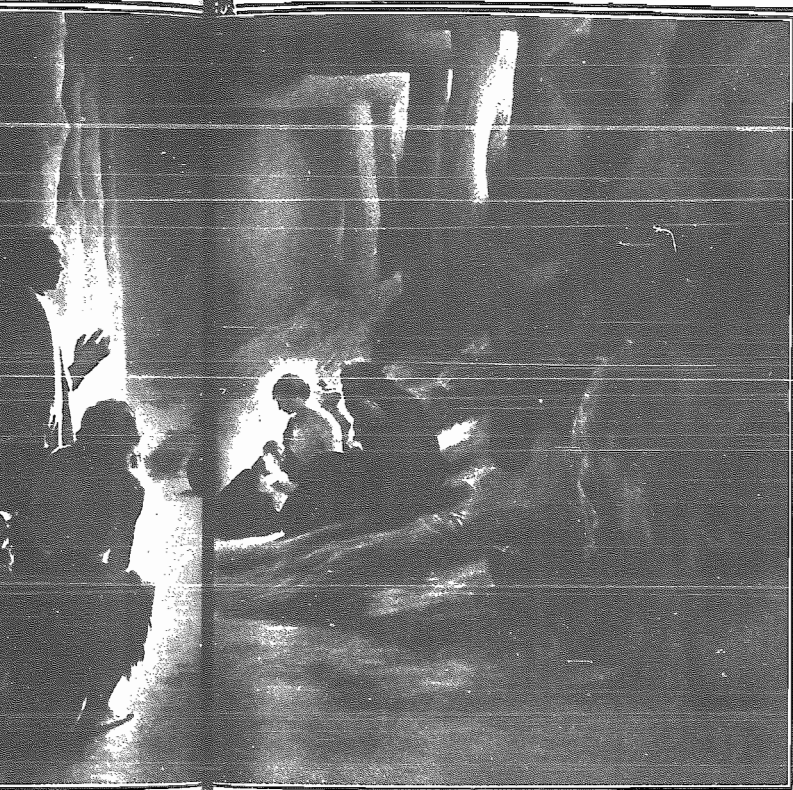
ST. LUKE 9. And
mouth of the holy
ghost, which has been
since the world began.
21 That we should be
saved from our sin-
ners, and from the
hand of all unclean
spirits.
22 To perform the
office of our
fathers, and to recom-
mend us to our
fathers, and to recom-
mend us to our
fathers.
23 That we should be
saved from our sin-
ners, and from the
hand of all unclean
spirits.
24 To perform the
office of our
fathers, and to recom-
mend us to our
fathers, and to recom-
mend us to our
fathers.
25 That we should be
saved from our sin-
ners, and from the
hand of all unclean
spirits.
26 To perform the
office of our
fathers, and to recom-
mend us to our
fathers, and to recom-
mend us to our
fathers.
27 That we should be
saved from our sin-
ners, and from the
hand of all unclean
spirits.
28 To perform the
office of our
fathers, and to recom-
mend us to our
fathers, and to recom-
mend us to our
fathers.
29 That we should be
saved from our sin-
ners, and from the
hand of all unclean
spirits.
30 To perform the
office of our
fathers, and to recom-
mend us to our
fathers, and to recom-
mend us to our
fathers.
31 That we should be
saved from our sin-
ners, and from the
hand of all unclean
spirits.



1928

1928

Sun.	Mon.	Tue.	Wed.	Thu.	Fri.	Sat.
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				



1928

1928

Sun.	Mon.	Tue.	Wed.	Thu.	Fri.	Sat.
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

1928

1928

Sun.	Mon.	Tue.	Wed.	Thu.	Fri.	Sat.
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

1928

1928

Sun.	Mon.	Tue.	Wed.	Thu.	Fri.	Sat.
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

THE ARRIVAL OF THE SHEPHERDS

1928

1928

Fri.	Sat.
1	2
8	9
15	16
22	23
29	30

1928

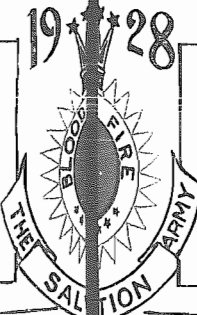
1928

Sun.	Mon.	Tue.	Wed.	Thu.	Fri.	Sat.
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

1928

1928

Sun.	Mon.	Tue.	Wed.	Thu.	Fri.	Sat.
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				





THE MOTHER OF THE SALVATION ARMY

CATHERINE (MUMFORD) BOOTH IN 1855



The Love Story that Influenced the World

By HAROLD BEGBIE

WILLIAM BOOTH met Catherine Mumford for the first time in 1852. It was at a party given by a mutual friend to which Mrs. and Miss Mumford were invited and William Booth made a late arrival.

No sooner did the young man make his appearance—a romantic appearance, one conjectures, at this respectable tea-party—than his host seized upon him and insisted that he should recite a terrible American poem concerned with drunkenness. William Booth objected. He did not want to recite, but his irrepressible friend would take no denial, and so William Booth occupied the central place in that crowded drawing room and declaimed American poetry.

Sided entirely with William Booth

The recitation had a very awkward effect. It started a controversy. The guests were by no means convinced of the virtue of teetotalism. They saw considerable danger in the advocacy of so stringent a gospel. Suddenly into the midst of this disturbing discussion came Catherine Mumford with a downrightness of opinion, a logic unmatched in that room, and a searching analysis, troublesome, one imagines, in a tea-party, and sided entirely with William Booth.

Thus was their first meeting marked by an alliance in battle. He saw her again, more than once, and was increasingly impressed by her faith, and her instinct for worship. He respected her, and no doubt she was one of those who, in those days of his lay-ministry, unwittingly discouraged his "pulpit efforts" by the extent and quality of her intellect.

On the day upon which he finally relinquished his business career for ministry—the first day of his freedom—he once more encountered Miss Mumford. The day was April 10th, 1852, Good Friday, his own birthday, and that day on which his great aspiration had come to reality.

His friend and host insisted that he should go with him to a special service, in a schoolroom not very far distant. Somewhat against his will William Booth consented, and in the schoolroom once more encountered Catherine Mumford. It was a fateful meeting. At the conclusion of the service he escorted this wonderful young creature to her home, and on that journey both the man and the woman knew that they loved each other.

There could be no other man

It was one of those fallings in love which are as instantaneous as they are mutual, which are neither approached, nor immediately followed by any declaration of affection, and which manifest themselves, even in the midst of conversations altogether absorbed in other matters. Suddenly William Booth knew that he loved this woman, and at the same moment the woman knew that for her there could be no other man.

What follows is one of the most remarkable and charming love-stories in the world—the love-story of a man and a woman in whose hearts an extraordinary sense of religion had the uppermost place—to whom everything, secular and human, had a divine relativity, for whom God and His worship were the chief ends of their existence.

On the very threshold of this great love the man was brought face to face with hard necessity. His position was insecure; his worldly prospects could not well be blacker. For, to begin with, he was only an irregular minister; his miserable wage was guaranteed to him only for three months. It tortured him to

decide whether he might openly and frankly confess his love for this woman who was openly and frankly his friend.

Prayed and agonized over question

He prayed, and indeed, agonized over that question. The answer was uncertain and his action was uncertain. With-out positively declaring his love, he hinted to this friend the distress which haunted his

in haste. As we have already said, a period was fixed. Catherine Mumford regarded betrothal as a most sacred act, and let it be plainly understood that, having once mutually decided on an engagement to be terminated with marriage, it was a serious offence against God, and against the human heart, for any violation of such promises to take place.

Here is a charming, even old-world episode, in this seventy-years ago idyll. "Amongst the ways in which William sought to obtain light was the old-fashioned one of opening the Bible and receiving the first passage on which the eye fell, as the interpretation of God's pleasure, and this instance was rather curious, his eye falling upon. "And the two sticks became one in my hand."

However, this controversy could not go on for ever with two such hearts as theirs, and consequently they came to the conclusion and covenanted that come weal or woe they would sail life's stormy sea together, and on their knees they plighted their troth before the Lord.

Extraordinary power and matchless enthusiasm

From the very first Catherine Mumford recognised in William Booth a man of destiny, a man of extraordinary power, and almost matchless enthusiasm. She looked up to him as to a superior force; she realised that he was one of those whose character would grow with life; whose power would increase with exercise; if she advised, reproved, instructed, or even—as she sometimes may have seemed to do—drove him, it was always as one who saw further into futurity, and knew as a mother knows the strength into which the child will grow. Catherine Mumford lived to be called "The Mother of The Salvation Army," and she was also the mother of the man who married her.

On June the 16th 1855, William Booth and Catherine Mumford were married, both of them being twenty-six years of age, and there began a life companionship in the fullest sense the like of which has seldom been known, and which was to last until that chill October day thirty-five years later.

—H.B.

L'envoi

Says William Booth's gifted biographer in telling the story of this marriage, "and there was no congregation," but as we read that sentence we seem to see a mighty host whose thoughts turn in gratitude to Almighty God for this wonderful, yet sweetly simple and God-blessed love story. A countless multitude whose knowledge of a loving, saving Lord springs from the labors of those two at whose marriage "there was no congregation." "Regions that Caesar never knew," give them filial spiritual acclaim, and shall do until the day of the great Marriage Feast.

Our triumph is their triumph

"No congregation!" No, not in that plain old London chapel of so forbidding appearance, but on that foggy day in October 1890 when she went to her grave, and on that sunlit August afternoon in 1912 when he was laid down beside her in their last earthly resting place; when thousands watched our triumph in their triumph, and thousands more said of them—"At last, at last, they are not divided,"—a mighty congregation then, my Comrades!

And as we write we see another concourse and our heart is aglow, and our fingers tingle with haste to set it down in tune with the melody ringing in our soul: From earth's wide bound and ocean's farthest coast; Through gates of pearl, streams in the countless host; Singing to Father, Son and Holy Ghost, Hallelujah!

—J.



thoughts. He made it clear to her that God must have his life, but asked, pitifully enough, and with much burning eloquence, whether he might rightfully look for companionship on his troubled road.

Nothing should be done in haste

At length a period was fixed during which time they were to seek Divine guidance. And with that splendid honesty which was so fine a trait in her character, the young woman made it clearly known that whatever might be their mutual feelings, nothing should be done

God so loved the World, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

JOHN 3. 16.



"I Was a Stranger and Ye Took Me In"

By COLONEL GIDEON MILLER, CHIEF SECRETARY

Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto thee?

—Matt. 24.25.

CHRISTMAS DAY 1892, in the "Forest City," London, Ont., was a proper, old-fashioned Canadian winter's day. Everything was cracking and creaking with the frost. And one peering through the windows—all frosted with wonderful ornamentation—could see the snow flurries blowing around the house corner, accumulating into great drifts; it was bitterly cold out of doors. While the storms were raging outside, there was real peace and comfort within our warm, humble, little cottage. It was the first Christmas of our wedded life, and so I may be pardoned if I remember it well on that account. Together on Christmas Day, and with the spirit of the Season in our hearts, we were very happy.

We had spent the greater part of the previous two weeks in giving our Christmas Cheer to the needy. We had had a Tree for the children, and now having ministered to others, we sat down to the well-spread table and partook of our Christmas dinner with grateful and loving hearts, and with that good conscience and joy and satisfaction which is the portion of all who know the Christ of Christmas.

Later on in the day, I remember, we had a wonderful Christmas Meeting in the Corps Citadel. The topic of the Meeting was the Christ, "Who shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace; the spirit of 'Goodwill toward all men' prevailed. We sang together of Him of Whom it is said:

"He comes the broken heart to bind,
The wounded soul to cure,
And with the treasures of His grace
To enrich the humble poor."

The Meeting came to a close by all present being urged to observe the golden rule—to love all men, and be a friend to the stranger.

We had scarcely gotten through uttering these words when there came an opportunity to do the practical. We are told in God's Word—"Let us love neither in word or in tongue, but in deed and in truth," and here was our immediate privilege to put those injunctions into effect.

The Meeting closed, and then a man with such an utterly downcast and discouraged look presented himself to me. He looked so thoroughly down and out that our hearts ached for him, and we began im-

mediately to wonder whether his was a case in which we could help. In a humble and straightforward, yet modest manner, he told his tale.

"Sir," said he, "I am a stranger; I have no money and no friends nearby. I have just come from Scotland, and arrived in Toronto with just enough money to take me through to Detroit where I have a brother who will assist me to find work."

"When in Toronto I either lost my money, or it was stolen: I do not like to think it was stolen, but I know it has all gone, and here I am a stranger in a strange land, and absolutely penniless."

Continuing with his story, as we stood by the door of the old Hall, with the people streaming out on their way to their warm homes, we were utterly touched. He had walked from Toronto thus far on his journey to Detroit. Four days and three nights on the road; plunging through the deep snow all the way except for an occasional lift. Now heart-sick and a terribly foot-sore he asked for us—all unconsciously—to put into effect the advice we had been giving to our comrades.

In those days we had no Men's Metropole to which we could send such a suppliant; so, consulting my wife, it was decided that we should make him our guest for the night, and we asked him to accompany us to our little Quarters.

As we went on our way, a great bulky fellow who sometimes attended our Meetings, walked with us; looking upon our poor, derelict friend, I suppose he thought it a good opportunity to improve the occasion, and proceeded to address him much as follows: "My friend, I guess you are finding the way of the transgressor is hard."

I shall never forget the look of that man as he turned to his questioner and replied: "I am not a transgressor of God's laws; I am a child of a King, and He cares for me." He uttered these words in gravely solemn tones and in such a Christ-like manner that we felt, though he might be a stranger to us, he was no stranger to God.

We reached our little home, and after serving him with a good supper, of which he partook in such a manner as to give us more than a hint of his hungry condition, began to arrange for his sleeping comfort. We suggested that he should remove his shoes, at which

he made some demur, declaring that his feet were too sore to be thus troubled. At last we prevailed on him to take a warm foot-bath, and he showed us his feet—so blistered and wounded and raw as to move us both to the verge of tears. Mrs. Miller doctored him as well as she could, and then gave him a warm, clean bed, and we had not much sleeping room in that humble home.

In the morning he declared that he felt like a new man. We had breakfast together, after which we joined together in our usual Family Worship; the three of us knelt to pray, and I offered up what I thought would be the family petition. My wife and I made to arise from our knees, but the stranger began to pray.

Oh, such a prayer! He seemed to touch the very heart of the great God, and the very Gates of Heaven were opened, and the blessing was showered on us. I cannot describe either the prayer or our feelings as we knelt and listened. We could do nothing else but praise. He prayed for himself, it is true, but he also remembered us and his prayer was answered.

Shortly following this season of worship I left the house, and who should I meet on the street but the Mayor of the city. I told him of my strange friend, and immediately he responded, "Oh, let me have a hand in this, I'll see him through to his brother," and that night—the night after our wonderful Christmas evening together, our erstwhile guest found himself in Detroit, and in the home of his brother. God had indeed heard his cry.

And I can finish the story well by saying that he prospered in his undertakings, and did not cease to be grateful to us and to The Army for the help he had received—and, although somebody else ought perhaps to say this—for the spirit of Christmas in which it was tendered.

My Comrades, this was a lesson to us as Officers: it may have been a lesson to those who had knowledge of it at the time; but it is not true today, as much as then, that we are "strangers within our gates," and we should "be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares." The Christmas joys will be ours; the Christmas duties are equally ours; let us join in one as gladly as in the other. A happy Christmas to you all!

THE WAR CRY

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in Canada West and Alaska
 Founder.....William Booth
 General.....Bramwell Booth
 International Headquarters,
 London, England.
 Territorial Commander,
 Lt.-Commissioner Chas. Rich,
 317-319 Carlton,
 Winnipeg, Manitoba.
 All Editorial communications should be addressed to The Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: A copy of The War Cry (including the Special Easter and Christmas issues) will be mailed to any address in Canada for twelve months for the sum of \$2.50 prepaid. Address: The Publications Secretary, 317-319 Carlton Street, Winnipeg.

Printed for The Salvation Army in Canada West by The Farmer's Advocate, at Winnipeg, Limited, corner Notre Dame and Langside Streets, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

"Ye Visited Me"

CHRISTMAS EVE, and so late that it was almost Christmas Day. Up the steps of a slum dwelling wearily toiled two Salvationists, carrying between them a heavily-laden hamper.

"Almost the last call, isn't it Adjutant?" said the younger of the two. "It seems to me we've tramped half over this city today."

"Yes, my boy, but it's been worth it. Still, this is the last place, and then for home and bed. I think we've done a good day's work, anyway, tiring as it has been," and as he spoke he knocked at a door on the top floor.

"Come in," said a voice; tired and full of anguish it sounded to the waiting men. They opened the door on the most desolate "home"—surely too beautiful a word to describe such a scene—they had seen that day. Poverty, misery, a poor show of some attempt at cleanliness, and, sitting at the table, her head buried in her hands, the sobbing figure of a woman.

Even as she looked up the Adjutant crossed the room, and placed the large hamper beside her. As he did so his eyes

caught sight of a child's figure lying apparently on the floor, with one or two ragged covers over him. The dim candle-light showed traces of recent tears on his begrimed cheeks, and tears almost came to the Adjutant's eyes as he thought of his own lad at home—just such another one as this.

Then, turning to the woman he wished her a happy Christmas.

"Happy Christmas!" she said, raising her tear-filled eyes to his. "I thought

before you came such a thing could never be for me again, and I had almost lost faith in Christmas and Jesus Christ. But now things will be a little better," and she sighed, as she told the too-familiar story of the husband who had deserted her, and of the futile attempts to get work, the bare cupboard and the hungry child.

"And before he went to sleep he said, 'Did I think Santa Claus would come, and did I think it would be any good if he asked God to send him. And he knelt at my knee and prayed, while I was almost tempted to laugh at him—my faith had so much become a thing of the past.'"

"That was barely an hour ago—and now you are here," and through the tears, shone the woman's smile of hope restored and faith strengthened.

The Salvationists went away, but next day they were back again, and many days after that. Through their ministrations some measure of joy came to the sorrowful heart of the woman who surely had cause to bless the name of the Adjutant who is well known as a doer of Christmas deeds all the year round.

And it is not a fact that there are many such who wait and wonder and hope against hope for the coming of the Christ of Christmas—or those who tell of Him? They wait not only in their physical need, with their little children around them, but they wait—many of them—all the year round for just that word of cheer which shall make their days and homes bright once more.

"Ye visited me," said the Master; shall He say it of you?

AN URGENT CALL IS IT TO YOU?

The Salvation Army provides a glorious opportunity to do something worthy for God!—to be happy as well as useful!—to be loved as well as to love!—to please God as well as to enjoy His blessing!

Of course there will be crosses and hard struggles, fears within and fights without; but your God will help you through.

Home? Mother? Father? Dear ones? A bright prospect of earthly prosperity? Money to lose? Yes! You will have a terrible wrench, which may cost you many tears and prayers. But your Lord wants you. He is calling. The lost ones of our own land—the lost ones of the Dark Lands—they also are calling:—"COME AND HELP US!"

*Will you not heed that double call from
God and man?*

Candidates for Army Service should apply at once to the Candidates' Secretary, 317 Carlton St., Winnipeg. The next Training Session commences in September next. Get ready in time.

The Lone Log Cabin in the Woods

A story
of Forest
Gloom
and
Salvation
Sunshine



By
ADJUTANT
WALTER
R. PUTT

NOT more than a few hours run by rail or automobile from one of our large Western cities may be located a charming, lake district which, to the fortunate visitor, presents a paradise of natural loveliness. Grey rocks reflect their massive heights down into pellucid depths, which, on a calm day, in the open season, are disturbed only by the exploring prow of the game-hunter's canoe, or the swift darting of some hungry member of the finny tribe in pursuit of food. Moss-carpeted paths lead enticingly up from the water's edge, under the canopy offered by silver birch, pine or fragrant spruce to greenwood glades and fairy glens. Wild flowers abound on every hand in a riot of color and charm. In short a picture any artist might covet to paint.

With so many plain evidences of a beneficent Creator's presence and care, one perhaps might be pardoned for doubting the statement that for a quarter of a century, or more, a man and wife dwelt hermit fashion amid these glorious scenes of nature in the darkness of infidelity. But such was actually the case, and it is the purpose of this little story to record how, through the providential ministry of Salvation Army Officers who chanced that way, the lonely couple at least received light and blessing.

Shrouded in obscurity

The history concerning the principals of our narrative is well-nigh shrouded in obscurity, inasmuch as the couple, now old and wrinkled and grey, and well past the allotted span of life, were, no doubt, from their life of voluntary seclusion, silent on the question of bygone days. This much was learned, however, that the man, in his younger days, figured prominently in the rising history of a large and flourishing Western town, and had been a leading citizen. Moreover, he had occupied the position of mayor. Both he, with his wife, were leading church members and each took an enthusiastic interest in the religious and social life of the community. Their names in all probability would, if mentioned, be well remembered by many an old-timer residing in the district.

It may have been that the easily-gained prosperity of the early western "boom" turned the heads of the couple. Or maybe, the inconsistency of some who professed to serve God turned their hearts. Nobody seems to know definitely, but one dark day the two openly gave up their belief in God and religion and also their fellow man.

What happened after that apparently covers a period of many years. The man resigned his civic position and a steady decline in prosperity set in. The couple grew rebellious at their circumstances, out of sorts with their neighbors, and the world at large. Finally, although not as yet in the bright noon-day of

middle life, they decided to disappear completely from society.

Thus the man and his wife selected a wildly picturesque spot in the forest, glorious in summer, but fearsome in its desolate solitude in winter. Here the man hewed down trees, made a clearing and built a rude log cabin. Far from the haunts of men, the couple lived, avowed infidels, existing largely on game, fish or the plentiful supply of wild berries which the bush provided in summer.

Lost interest in world outside

Living after this manner it was not surprising that the couple in their isolation lost all interest in the affairs of the outside world, and although they became wonderfully proficient in the woodcraftsman's art, sank almost to the level of the forest beasts, which ever and anon pressed up to their very door. It was indeed, no infrequent thing for deer and other four-footed creatures to steal up to the cabin in search of food, and the birds regarded the humans as part of the forest life.

It would sometimes happen that a lone fur trapper or forest ranger would strike the half-hidden trail to the log cabin, and, curious to find out who dwelt in the hut, sought admittance. The old couple, however, were, on these occasions, shy and reticent, and the visitors, kindly intentioned enough, would leave with curiosity unsatisfied.

The years wore on and the couple grew old and grey. Instead of their beautiful surroundings inspiring them to a return of faith the flicker of the light of God which they once possessed seems to have entirely died out. What a fearful existence! A quarter of a century spent in lonely forest depths and infidel gloom. Without a thought of God, and never a heart-lift to Him in prayer!

It almost seemed as though the benighted pair would die in their sin and unbelief, for not even the few good natured settlers who saw them, and scraped up a remembrance of acquaintanceship, dared to mention the name of God, or broach the subject of religion. Such mention seemed only to stir the occupants of the lone cabin to sudden, if not savage fury.

We are able to record, however, a bright incident which occurred in the drab lives of these lonely old folks, which was due to the tact and wisdom of Salvation Army Officers, who chanced to visit those parts.

It happened, providentially enough, that the man became very ill, and hearing of this a kindly-disposed forest ranger secured the services of a young doctor who happened to be spending a week in the district, fishing and shooting. This well-meant effort was frustrated, however, as the woman would not on any account allow the doctor to approach her husband.

Finally the Army Officer who, with his wife, now in Glory, was staying at a place some miles further along the lake, came to hear about the old couple. The Salvationists, however, were warned not to mention the subject of religion.

"We must do something for those poor old people," said the Officer's wife, whose heart ached for them when she knew the sad story.

"But what can we do?" replied her husband, somewhat doubtfully. "They appear to be unapproachable."

"We'll find a way somehow," returned his wife, who was of an eminently practical turn of mind. "I know! I will make some nourishing soup, carry it in a thermos flask, and you must take it to the hut."

"But it's a long and lonely journey," objected her husband. "But love will make it a short one," came the sagacious reply.

And so it came to pass that the two started out betimes the next morning on their errand of goodwill, up the quiet waters of the lake, the Salvationist swiftly and skilfully plying the paddle, and his wife in the bottom of the canoe guarding with great care a lunch basket containing the precious broth and a few odd things beside.

The voyagers struck the narrow trail to the cabin, not without some little difficulty, but finally found themselves at their destination. They were greeted, as they expected, not with the greatest of courtesy; but tact and wisdom found a way, and after all, what man or woman can resist the kindly insistence of an Army woman Officer whose heart is longing to bless and help a soul in need?

Prayerful Influence

We rather reluctantly draw the curtain on the scene, but are pleased to relate that the lonely hearts of the old couple were opened through the prayerful influence of the visitors the truth of the old familiar lines becoming once more true.

Down in the human heart, crushed by the tempter,

Feelings lie buried that grace can restore;

Touched by a loving hand, awakened by kindness,

Chords that are silent will vibrate once more.

and—
Though I forget Him and wander away,
Still He doth love me wherever I stray;
Back to His dear, loving arms I will flee,
When I remember that Jesus loves me.

The Salvationists brought to the dark hearts of the lonely old couple the first gleam that had entered there for many a long day, and we are yet confident that somehow, some-time, the time will come when the Light of the World will entirely disperse the gloom, and fill their hearts with radiance divine.

The NIGHT of STARS

By COLONEL WM. NICHOLSON

In which Arah, an aged disciple, speaks to Hanani, the camel man, of the first Christmas, and other wonders

IT is the day of the birth of Jesus; the "star-time," as the worthy Arah loves to call it. To the venerable Arah has been given a spirit of love and loyalty. In expectation of his Lord's command, he waits.

An old man, the days of his life to run are now few, but he "waits the will of

Hanani, the keen-eyed young camel-man, questions the venerable Arah.

"How long were you stricken, say you?"

"The years were thirty and eight, as the years count; but in weariness and pain they were a hundred years."

"From other lips, good Arah, I would

as it moved slowly across the heavens, and caught the far-away sound of the hosts who sang, then it was that the waters moved, and those who stepped in were healed; but, having no man to help me I moved not; and, alas, my eyes were ever hidden, and I saw not the angel. But, though I moved not, in my spirit I felt that I had come near to the holy wings of mercy."

"But you were not healed?"

"The years were thirty and eight, I said."

"Verily."

"Thirty years and more passed, and hope had died within me. It was then I heard strange things from those who brought the sheep to the gate and to the water."

"There was, I heard, One, a young Rabbi, a carpenter by trade, Who spoke of the Hope of Israel, of the Holy Kingdom; whose words were with power, and whose touch brought healing."

"In the bitterness of my despair, I cursed my infirmity, and my sin, for I longed to rise and go and hear the young Prophet. 'If I can reach Him,' I said, 'perchance He would touch me with the touch of healing.' Alas, it could not be, and again I cursed, and was stricken to dumbness with my sorrow."

"Those who came with the sheep told me they thought much of Him, not only for His teaching, and the works of healing he did, but because He spoke with tenderness of the flock and the fold."

"To a sheep boy once I told the story of the 'Night of Stars,' and he testified of a wonder of which his father had spoken; it was the wonder of the 'Night of Stars,' and the time of the great troubling of the waters. His father, with other men, kept ward over the gentle flocks. In a low tone and hushed, the sheep-boy stooped and told me that his father said it was the time of the coming of the Young Prophet, Who, some say, is the promised Messiah. The shepherds love His words, as they are often of their calling, as when He told of the seeking after a lost sheep. They loved Him for that, and it was an earthly story with a heavenly interpretation."

"If," said I, "All this wonder be not idle talk—but I dare not hope it—the Lover of flocks, and folds, Who, so they tell, once said He Himself was a shepherd, though I understood not the saying, may come to the sheep-gate, and to the pool having five porches. Oh, the bitterness of the bondage of my sin," I cried in anguish."

"I did not know that it was written that the hour of my liberation was to come, though it came not soon. Many months, slow in the going, went their way."

"Then my son—if I forget it, may I wither for shame—came the time of the feast, the time, as you know, when there is a great multitude of folk, and there were many at the pool for the five porches, gazing at the blind, the halt, the withered, and the all but dead, and hoping, if the God of our fathers so willed it, to see the troubling of the waters."

"It was the Sabbath day. I listened to the voices about me. Here and there I caught a word. It was then I heard again of the Prophet."

Torment upon torment

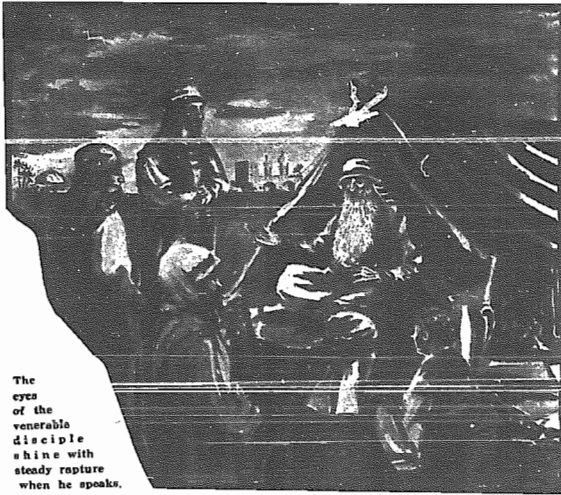
"That day torment upon torment came upon me; there was anger in my heart for my sin, and my infirmity was sore upon me. The heat of the sun, too, beat upon my head; for the fiery shaft of light had sought out my resting place. I groaned in my distress. Then I thought of the One Who had healed the sick, and of my long years by the pool, and I moaned. 'Oh, holy Prophet of God, or whoever Thou art, whither hast Thou gone? Thou couldst not cause the angel to trouble the waters I hear of Thy wonders and Thy love . . . I believe Thou couldst! Oh, Father Abraham,' I cried, 'the light beats on my eyes; I shall go blind and mad . . . Oh God of Israel!'

"Wouldst hear my story, or do thy camels pass soon on their way?"

"I would hear it. The camels pass not until two days hence."

"God in His mercy gave me rest from the sun; the blessed shadows fell like the peace of the Highest on me. My eyes closed, and rest was about me . . . peace and rest. I know not how it can be told."

(Continued on page 19)



The eyes of the venerable disciple shine with steady rapture when he speaks.

God in patience." Before his strength became less, like his Lord, he toiled with his hands. This was to bring to him food and shelter and to earn something for charity's sake. But he lives not to toil for the bread which perisheth, but to toil for all whom he sees of the One whom he had met, and Who was the friendliest and noblest One he had ever seen.

A Look from the Holy Sufferer

Sad was the day—an old man, even then—when, roughly handled by the rabble, thrust back by the soldiers, and watched by the spies, when he had climbed the hill to witness the slaying, together with two notable bandits, of the One he loved more than all the world. That dark and sorrowful day had been the day of revelation to him, and he treasured in his heart a look from the holy Sufferer.

The eyes of the venerable disciple shine with steady rapture when he speaks, and sometimes at the evening hour his voice takes on a softness, and awe falls upon the listeners when he declares the incredible wonder that the One who is his Friend and Saviour, and Who worked with His hands at the carpenter's bench, is none other than the Messiah, the Son of the Living God.

For this confession the venerable Arah has been turned out of the synagogue, and the curse has been uttered against him. He was for a time an outcast, and, if the condemning words could blight and wither, then great terrors would have come upon him, for the invective that made him worse than an outlaw, or an alien had been uttered against him because he said that Jesus was the Son of God. But he was not made one whit the worse, and his word of testimony was listened to with interest and reverence; there was converting power in the word of his testimony.

Who is this Arah?

There is a story told about him. It is the story of a pool with porches and a sheepgate.

not receive such a testimony."

"It is the testimony of truth. Know you not the pool by the sheepgate in the Holy City?"

"That I know truly; and the fable of this coming of the angel who troubled the waters, I know."

"Say not fable, my son. Before I met the One, there were those who, though I saw not the angel, stepped in and were healed of their infirmity. But I could not, for my infirmity, come to the waters with speed, and so I pined and suffered, and no man helped me. I suffered not only because of my infirmity of body, but for my sin."

"Your sin, good Arah! Your sin, say you?"

"You would hear the story?"

"Verily."

"The times of troubling came in the day, but this was by night. It was the time of the coming of the Lord Christ, though I knew it not. A night of wonder, my son! Never knew I a night so glorious. Even I in my misery, though it gave me pain to move, strained to look upon the glory of the heavens."

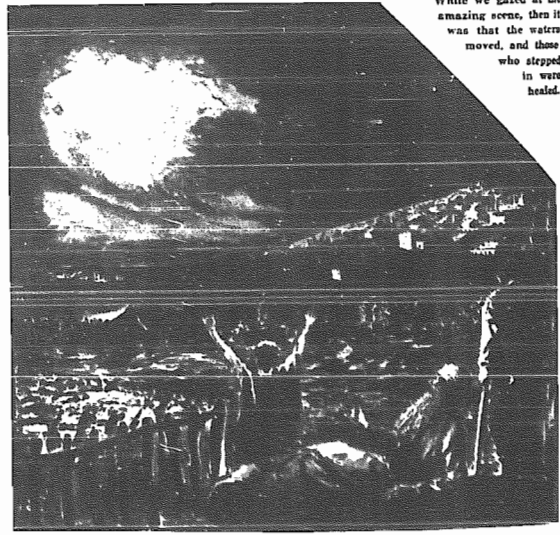
"All was so still. The silence, save when a gentle Lamb bleated, was beyond all other silences. As I looked, I saw a wondrous star, bigger and brighter than any other in the firmament, passing towards Bethlehem."

"Its glory was beyond all telling! It was as a quivering cross of light, shining with the light of a million diamonds. Alas! this is poor talking my son, for the wonder can never be told . . . it is beyond the telling."

"The eyes of the sufferers, the sick, and the halt, and even the blind, were lifted up heavenward in expectation. While, sinful and wretched, I too, looked from my poor bed by the pool and the sheepgate, I heard a sound that lives with me yet. It was as though the hosts of Paradise sang for gladness."

"But the waters?"

"While we gazed at the amazing light,



While we gazed at the amazing scene, then it was that the waters moved, and those who stepped in were healed.

"The League of the Lone Salvationist"

"GOD setteth the solitary in families," said the Psalmist. The thought has been with us for many a day. It is no part of God's purpose that he should be solitary and alone. Did not the Lord Jesus die that "We who were not the time afar off should be brought nigh," and there can be no coming nigh to Christ without a very real sense of comradeship being our immediate portion.

"We wandered in the wilderness in a solitary way, but he brought us to a city of habitation," can really and truly be a song on our lips.

Now if The Army stands for anything in this world it does for comradeship in Jesus Christ. "Where two or three are gathered together,"—and there can be The Army, but just as truly can be anyone be anywhere in the person of one God-filled Blood and Fire Salvationist.

Comrades in Solitary Places

It occurs to us that in the wide stretches of Canada West there are very many Army Comrades in solitary places; shut away from much, if not all comradeship by miles—in some cases hundreds of miles—from the nearest Corps and yet still "blessedly saved." Looking back with wistful longing to the days and places (in this and in the Old Lands) of active association and Soldiership; believing that some day—some glad day—that full comradeship will be renewed. We think much about all such.

A Christmas time has come round again, and surely if He "setteth the solitary in families" He would do so now. Shall we gather once more around The Army fire-side; join again in a real good feast of Army brotherhood; sing once more the songs of the old Corps, and have "a good time" together.

The Christmas "Cry" will help in this. Some lonely Comrades will get their yearly touch with the good old Army again. But why only for Christmas? Shall we not join together in our

old soldierhood for all the year? And so "The League of the Lone Salvationist." Let us, at the Territorial Headquarters, know about you. You are still in the Army—still saved and enjoying His pardoning favor. Come along, enrol again, enrol now—join The League!

Send us your full name and present address; say how far you are from the nearest Army Corps (if you can) and also the name of your old Corps—here, or in your old home land. We will keep you in mind—may, more than that—in Army Comradeship.

Tell us of your experience. Your difficulties, your trials, your joys and your

victories. Tell us about yourself, your family, your town, your neighbors—just talk with us as you used to talk to the Comrades "down at the Hall." Tell us these things for ourselves only—as a comradely confidence—or tell them in such a manner, if you can, so that we may pass them on for the encouragement and blessing of any like situated.

Lost Hold of the Army

We do not address ourselves to any who have Army Corps privileges, but if those who read these lines know of any "Lone Comrades," or one-time Comrades, who, by reason of their loneliness

An Ancient Oath of Friendship

—4000—

In the country of Yagh, China, when a man makes a friend with another there is set up an altar and a sacrifice is made thereon, and the following is repeated:

"I want to be your friend for ever and ever without break or decay; When the hills are all flat; When the rivers are all dry; When it lightens and thunders in winter; When it snows and rains in summer; When heaven and earth mingle; Not till then will I part from you."

—Sung Yu, 4th Century.



have lost hold of The Army, well—send us their names and addresses and we will get in touch with them, and make an endeavor to accomplish our purpose for them. One copy of the "Cry" with a special note, calling attention to the League will be mailed to any "Lone Salvationist" whose name may thus reach us.

We plan to have a weekly column for League Notes in the "Cry." Letters from adherents, and all names of those joining the League will be published from time to time.

How to join the League. To make a beginning and to create a bond of union, let us put you on our list of regular "War Cry" subscribers. Send along the usual remittance of \$2.50 per annum, addressed to "The War Cry," 317 Carlton Street, Winnipeg, with the other particulars mentioned above, and no longer be lonely, even though you will be an adherent of "The League of the Lone Salvationist." If you are already a subscriber to the "Cry," tell us so, but send along those particulars and join up today.

The Night of Stars

(Continued from page 18)

In all the thirty and eight years of my sorrow, never before did I know such rest come to my spirit! It was as the great shadow of a rock in a weary land. The shadow remained. Whether I had slept, I knew not, but I felt that Someone stood at hand, close beside the fierce light, and my resting-place, and my aching eyes were closed in wondrous rest.

"My son, said I not that I once heard the host of Paradise sing joyously, that 'Night of Stars'? That was a music the wonder of which cannot be told; so how can I tell what I fain would tell to all people, for it was to me a greater music than the far-off chanting of the angels of God."

"I wait, good Arah; speak on."

"I would tell you as it should be told, but words fail me, my son, and I remember not, at times."

"You spake of music, venerable Arah."

"Verily; the music of a voice . . . His voice. His voice, my son, though then I knew it not. It was He Who stood by me, and kept from me the heat of the sun. It was He, Whose nearness, amid the babel and turmoil of the sheep-gate brought rest to my spirit. And this is a parable, my son."

"Though I am now well-stricken in years, I fill with the exulting happiness of youth, eternal youth, when I dwell upon it. It is ever so. Like a spring in the desert it rises within my heart, and I, too, would sing; verily, I would leap for joy . . ."

"I wait for thy words, good Arah."

"Say, rather, thou dost wait for the words of the Holy One, the Saviour of mankind, He Who brought deliverance to me when I was sorely stricken and old and weary with waiting, and Who spake unto the one He shadowed from the fierce rays of the sun."

"Sir," said I unto Him as He stood by me, "I have no man, when the water is troubled, to put me into the pool, but

while I am coming, another steppeth down before me."

"Then said He unto me, looking upon me with pity and love, as He took me by the hand, 'Be of good cheer, come, rise, take up thy bed and walk.'

"Oh, my blindness! Even then I knew Him not as Jesus, the Christ of God!"

"From the time of His speaking, there came unto me strength and courage and faith, and at His touch I rose as the young rise when they have rested, and though it was the Sabbath, because He had said it, I took up my bed. To the wonder of all I did it. To my own wonder, likewise."

I Stood as the Strong Stood

"When I stood as the strong stand, I sought the face of the One Who had brought me as from the dead, but He had gone."

"The people marvelled greatly as they saw the one who had lain in helplessness now whole of his infirmity; and within me was a great peace."

"With the people following, and crying aloud to the passers that a miracle had been wrought, I was going to the Temple, when my joyful way was barred by certain Jews saying that it was not lawful for me to carry my bed on the Sabbath."

"Then I told of what had come to pass."

"Who was He Who did this thing?"

"I know not His name," I answered, "but He that bade me walk also bade me take up my bed."

"In my joy I cared not for the anger of their words, but I went my way to the Temple, and there the One Who had healed me came to me and said, 'Behold, thou art made whole; sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto thee,' and then, while I faint would have held Him, because of the fierce anger of the Jews who sought to kill Him, He withdrew Himself."

"Then, God be praised, after He had withdrawn Himself, I knew that it was Jesus of Bethlehem, of Nazareth, of Jerusalem, who was the Rabbi and Prophet of Whom things wonderful and

strange had been spoken; and I believed in Him as the Forgiver of my sins, the Saviour of my soul, as the One Who should come to redeem His people."

"Of the wonder of the days that followed, I will not trust my heart to speak, my son, save but to say they were days of marvel to me and to many beside. The people thronged unto the Lord. The sick were carried to Him, and once, verily, I saw Him bring life to the dead. His fame was spread abroad, and the Jews sought to slay Him."

"There were bitter days—and nights, too . . . You have heard of how He died, my son?"

"Verily, and it was a shameful end for One so good, Who was a prophet of God."

"The Prophet; yea, more than a prophet, The Son of the Living God was crucified that day, when the darkness fell on all the land, and the earth trembled."

It was as if the end had come, and strong men trembled with fear. I, too, was stricken with a great palsy of fear, and was pressed down with a sense of coming woe, when I strove, as my strength would allow, to get nearer to the Lord. Who had brought me back from the gate of death."

"I would gladly, for the love in my heart for Him, have exchanged places with Him; while I strove with intense longing to be nearer yet to the Cross on which He was to be nailed, a hard-pressed soldier smote me on the mouth and the blood came, and it was then I caught His tender gaze upon me as He passed, even as it did by the sheep-gate at the pool. It was as though He read the purpose of my soul, which, if it could not die for Him, was resolved thenceforth to witness for Him, even unto death."

"So, my son, I say, as one who longeth to be in Paradise, that He of the 'Night of Stars' of Bethlehem, of the sheep-gate, and of Golgotha, is the Christ, the Son of the Living God. In Him are the promises fulfilled."

"At my peril I had seen Him brought forth, and then it was revealed to me that what the prophet said was said of Him: 'He was led as a lamb to the slaughter,

and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so He opened not His mouth.'"

"Truly, my son, the ever-blessed One, Whose countenance bringeth comfort and life to the sorrowing and the burdened. He is the Lord's Anointed, on Whom all our iniquities have been laid. This I believe, and this is the word of my testimony, though I die for the word I speak."

"Dost thou believe, my son?—for this is the day of the Lord's birth, the start-time of the world, when the heavens declare the glory of the Highest, and the heavenly hosts sing of glory and goodwill and peace on earth."

"This, the greatest and mightiest, the Son of the Holy God, thou sayest, was born in a stable, and cradled in a manger! . . . and yet . . . Verily, it is a hard saying, good Arah!"

"A true one, as in thy heart thou knowest."

A Price Must Ever Be Paid

"But a price must ever be paid for the precious thing. Who, without price, can buy a camel, white as a cloud and swift as the wind? Verily, a true word has been spoken, a price must be paid."

"Listen, good Arah, I will pay the price, I gird up my heart as a witness, and must hear thee again and yet again for I, too, am a believer, and will follow the One Who is to thee as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. And this is the day of His coming, the day that is born from the 'Night of Stars.' Listen again, good Arah, I wait thy word. I believe, good Arah, and would be His disciple; to the death, for Him, if so He wills it."

"The Lord be praised. So, right joyfully too, this is a day of happiness, but thy believing may cost thee dear, and so may mine, but together we will hasten onward, doing His will. Hasten, as the hart hastens, and we will go forward, to Him lovingly with jewels in our hands. What sayest thou, good Hanani, my son?"

"So be it Arah, most worthy and beloved!"

The Unknown Soldier and the Unnamed Star

By LT.-COLONEL EDWARD COLES, Buenos Ayres.

I SHOULD like to meet the astronomer who could tell me the name of a star which I saw but once, and that over thirty years ago.

It appeared in an easterly direction about half-past six one Sunday evening, and it remained in sight for the space of about twenty minutes. I followed it, and it suddenly vanished! Often have I wished to see it again, but that satisfaction has been denied me.

By that brief alluring spectacle of a generation ago my whole life was transformed.

The star, you may be surprised to learn, was not in the skies, although it may be now. It was on the earth, and it was in the form of flesh and blood, and in the uniform of Blood and Fire. It was a young woman dressed in Salvation Army uniform.

And now let me briefly relate the incident which I have so strangely introduced.

Pleasure-sick, world-sick, sin-sick was I. Memory recalled earlier influences, such as a young man can never entirely throw off, nor an old man either—for instance, the Sunday-school, mother's prayers, and other similar and sacred associations.

Heaven-born Inclinations

were galvanized into action as, walking along a London thoroughfare on a Sunday evening, I saw a Salvation lassie busily directing her steps thirty or forty yards ahead of me.

Her uniform spoke, and you may be able to guess the nature of its message. Unmistakably, though silently, it told that its wearer was the possessor of the renewed life, of that soul satisfaction which is not within the power of the world to give or to take. It announced that the girl in blue was so separate from the world that her very dress gave publicity to the fact, and she constituted a part of the sin-dispersing, joy-inflecting scheme of things for which The Army stood.

Moreover, the picture suggested that the wearer of this speaking attire making tracks towards a place where Army Meetings were held. Where that

spot was located, he who looked had now not the remotest idea; but, half involuntarily, impelled by a strange force, a force which was undoubtedly divine, the youth followed as he looked.

"Lo the star, which they saw in the East, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was."

"When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy."

Had this Scripture been written in the singular instead of the plural number, it would have exactly fitted into this story. It is much better as it stands, for a very little spiritual insight will show the analogy.

A heavenly radiance shone upon that humble girl, and she became that night a star which, in the first place, reflected a clear light upon the dark path I was treading—and, secondly with the same bright effulgence, led me directly to the place where I found the Saviour.

A sudden conviction was followed by as sudden a conversion. The uniform



was, in the hands of God, the means used to bring me to Christ; and it is not to be wondered at that I love it, and that I have little use for any other apparel. I hope to wear it many years longer, never to dishonor it to live in it, to die in it, and to be buried in it. And if I may express another hope it is that someday, probably in the Great Beyond, I may have the joy of meeting and greeting the Comrade whose face I have never seen, but whose figure I followed thirty years ago and who for the present I must be content to think of as "The Unknown Soldier."

when my father noticed that the Star had ceased to move—and now stood still.

During our tramping through the city my father had made several conjectures as to where we should be led—"To the synagogue, belike"; or "To the Prefecture"; and then again, "To the ancient House of David"; that old, old house where tradition said the King-Shepherd had dwelt in his early days. But we passed all these, and just as it would appear that we were leaving the town we were brought to a halt by our starry guide—so it seemed to me.

We had stayed our walk before the Inn of Levi—that grasping, old man whose fame for extortion and usury had already become a byword in the regions roundabout, and who, it was said, had many of our neighbors in his toils.

For a wonder there was none of the usual confusion which generally prevailed around the Hostel. None of the stamping and clamping of horsemen; none of the vicious screaming of the camels and the vile language of their drivers. There was a crowd, it is true, but subdued beyond their usual wont. I caught sound of such expressions as "What meaneth this Star? Has the House of Levi become the House of Worship?" for verily all in that throng were in a worshipful mood.

The shut door of the Inn Nothing could hinder my father that day; always masterful and a leader he seemed as though when he arrived he took control of the situation. As he and our company moved forward, the crowd gave way, but strange enough, sought not to follow. And it was not to the shut door of the Inn that he led us—a door which on the tablets of my memory even now harmonizes with my recollection of the night before. "No room here."

However, around by the house-side we went into the yard on which abutted old Levi's cattedsheds. Like one assured of

FRANCES SLOCUM

Who Disappeared for Seventy Years

WHEN did novel or cinematograph tell a more romantic story of Red Indian life than the sober fact of Frances Slocum?

In 1777 a Quaker called Joseph Slocum settled with his wife and family by the Susquehanna River. The valley was often visited by marauding bands of Indians, but the peaceable household of the Slocums was for a long time left alone.

One day the father and elder boys were out haymaking when a group of Red Indians bore down upon the house. The eldest daughter, picking up the baby, rushed into the woods, and afterwards returned in safety. Then one caught sight of Frances, a little girl of five, hiding under the staircase. He flung her over his shoulder, and as they ran off she screamed pitifully for her mother. By the time the alarm was given the fleet-footed Indians were away in the mountains.

A life-long search

A little before Christmas of that year the poor mother lost her husband and her father. They were feeding cattle quite near a settlement when a party of Delaware leaped out and murdered them.

All the rest of her days the unhappy woman spent in trying to recover her lost child Frances. With her sons she made many long journeys, and offered large rewards, but not an Indian would betray the whereabouts of the white girl. Twice the brothers heard of a young white woman living as an Indian, but on both occasions they had the bitter disappointment of meeting a stranger.

Nearly seventy years passed. The postmaster of Lancaster, in Pennsylvania had died, and his wife was sorting his papers when she came across a letter from a Colonel Ewing in Indiana. He wrote as a stranger, asking the postmaster if he would give publicity to his discovery.

On the shores of the Wabash, said the colonel, he had met with a very old white

woman, who, on being questioned, said that she would tell him her true history now that all her kindred must be dead, and none could force her to leave her Indian home. She described being carried off, and gave an account of her father's Quaker clothes and many details of her home; and, although she could not remember any English, she said that her name had been Slocum.

The postmaster had evidently thought it all a wild story, but his wife persuaded a newspaper editor to print it. Two brothers and a sister of Frances were still alive, though they had not long given up what seemed a hopeless quest. They now set off at once, and it must have been a strange meeting those four old people had in the Indian camp, the two sisters and the two brothers meeting after two generations.

Identity established

The long-lost girl's identity was established beyond all question by a misshapen finger. Her memory was perfect. The squaw and the Quakers talked long about their childhood—through an interpreter. Frances told them that her life had been a very happy one. She had been adopted by a party of Delaware, and married one, who was now dead. She lived with her daughters, and was a wealthy and powerful member of the tribe. Nothing could induce her to leave the Red people.

So the brothers and sisters parted once more. They had been little children together; seventy years had passed, and they had met again once more, two old men and two old women; now they were to part for ever, after this fleeting memory of the long ago. By an Act of Congress Mac-Con-A-Qua, or Frances Slocum, was granted a tract of land, and on her death she was given a Christian burial where the Mississinewa and Wabash rivers join on their way to the sea.

She had been happy enough. The tragedy was not hers; it was her mother's, she who died with that last memory of her child crying to her in vain.

Shepherd Boy of Bethlehem

(Continued from page 7)

us on their way to see the City of the Holy Places.

Oft had I longed to go up to Jerusalem, but now as I gazed on that hurrying early morning throng, I caught myself wishing they would hurry the more, and so give room for us to enter the Gate. And still the Star hung over the City, but men turned their backs on its glory—its bright, and life-giving, and heavenly lustre, and turned their feet and their eyes towards the gleam of the old Temple. As the crowd passed we caught matches of conversation, and it was plain that some of them had knowledge of last night's manifestation, but it was clear that they had caught nothing of the actual meaning of the song-message which had been vouchsafed to the Shepherds of the Plain.

Often had I heard my mother tell of that time in our Nation's story when we were led out of bondage by a pillar of fire and of cloud, and it came upon me that morning that we were being led thence, for as we entered the City the Star seemed to descend from its former high station and come down and hover directly over us, as though it would lead us through the mazes of those hilly streets.

Many were the cries of mourning and wondering salutation that greeted us thus early in the day for visitors to be in the town, and I thought it strange that none of them could feel the urge of that heavenly guide.

Still it led, and we followed. It could not have been far, for Bethlehem is but a small town, but its streets never seemed so winding, nor so steep as on that morning.

We had nearly passed through the town and were in sight of the other gate, where the road leads out to the North Country,

a welcome my father took his way, and I trustfully followed (and still the Morning Star hung overhead). Into one of the sheds he went and our little company—just our shepherd folk—and we saw that which we had come to see—the Heavenly Babe.

Some of the cattle that nightly made the shed their own shelter were resting around; they scarce turned their eyes as we stepped forward—they crunched—as it were—in worshipful pose. (Did I take time to see all this or does it come to me now as part of the after setting of the scene?)

And now I forebear to say more than the briefest of the sweetest girlish figure who reposed there. Never as much as I try, or as oft as I seek for words, can I set down the glad-mournfulness of that figure. Baby of the household as I was I took in but little of the significance of the sight; I could visualise nothing at all of the joy-agon which during the hours of the night had sanctified that lowly cattle-shed. However, in the days that have followed when I have been tempted to be rough and rude and careless towards any maiden—or indeed any of womankind—the thought of that lovely Mother of Bethlehem has stilled my wildness.

With a maidenly but queenly modesty the Mother gave us but a lifting glance ere she turned again to crouch over the Babe which lay in her lap. A soft glow which seemed to repeat some of the night's glory of the Star hovered around that group.

An impulse I could not resist

To my boyish fancy—and now no less to my man's mind—there came an impulse which I could not resist, and just as though there stood not by my sometimes stern father and the rest of the shepherd company, and heeding not a grave and bearded man who stood anxious-

ly by the side of the Mother, and who made as though he would stay me, I pressed to the front and knelt in boyish love and admiration before that wonderful Babe.

No babe since I had entered our little cottage, and I was yet as a babe to my mother, and one can understand why I should gaze in speechless admiration at that Child. Such graciously sturdy limbs, and on that sweet brow there was a soft curly down which was like a halo of glory. Again, was it my fancy by which I seemed to see another kind of crown—what was it, was it of crimson or of gold? And the eyes of that beautiful creature. They looked me through with a soft and loving intenceness which was surely strange in One so young and small. I caught the reflection of myself therein and then pity and compassion and tenderness was in the answering look, and oh, such things as I cannot say.

As I knelt by the little One gurgled at me, and the music of that little prattle reminded me of something which I had recently heard, and then as in a flash there came again the music of the night—that song of the broken shackles become joy-bells. More and more, as there I worshipped,—and more as I think of it after all these years—I felt that message, and maybe some day the full import of that baby-speech may be made plain to me.

As I gazed in boyish wonder and almost glee—lost to all other sensations—I felt that I was looking at the Baby hand; it was catching hold of my bigger, boyish finger, and the gentle warmth of it pleased me beyond words, and thrilled me in a way which I cannot describe. It was no fancy that that Baby hand drew me, and drew me until I knew, as plainly as I had seen and heard the revelation of the night, that wherever and whenever I should meet Him again I should do naught else but follow.



The first sight of the Rocky Mountains by White Men—Brothers La Verendrye, journeying from Winnipeg district in 1743, looking for a road to the Pacific, are shown the Western Mountains.

Yesterday and Today in Canadian History

By
D. O. J.

THE rapid advance of civilisation, and the spirit of progress which is an outstanding characteristic of the modern age, with its search after the new and different, have been effectual in completely transforming the Canada which was the home of the early-day settlers. Where before were well-nigh insurmountable mountains; unfordable rivers; howling prairie wastes; wild, rocky bush land; lakes—vast inland seas; are now shining bands of railway tracks; magnificent bridges—monuments of engineering; stately cities with their teeming, struggling populations; smooth roads, veritable highways of commerce; water-ways, highly efficient means of communication between various industrial centres. Lonely villages are linked by that forerunner of national prosperity—the railroad—and scattered homesteads by the way of the air; the music and song and thought of the world brought right to the doors of the lonely prairie farmers, or to lumberers in the mountains. Cities and towns, thousands of miles from the nearest seaport are almost as near the gateways of the Dominion, as though the sea waves rolled at their door. Railroad, wireless, air services—all serve to link together, and draw into an indissoluble bond the far-flung and rapidly growing cities of the Dominion.

The romantic unknown

How vastly, almost incomprehensibly different, in our eyes and in these days, seems the Canada of Cartier; Champlain, the founder of Quebec; and La Verendrye, the explorer of the romantic unknown West; for it abounds in romance, even to this day, and before 1643 it was unknown and mysterious and dangerous land, to be explored with hardships and sufferings, with bravery and courage beyond most, and sometimes with loss of life.

In spite of discouragements, lack of

interest on the part of the French Government, and various hindrances and drawbacks, we know that those early day heroes kept on with their self-appointed task. To Champlain fell the glory of the exploration of Eastern Canada and south of the line to the Gulf of Florida; but La Verendrye (father and sons) fearless, unquerable men, fought and vanquished the wilds and wastes of the desolate, forsaken land west of the Great Lakes. La Verendrye the elder failed in much of his objective; he was one of those who blazed the trail for others. He was not permitted to see the great Western Sea—the Pacific Ocean. He did, however, tread, maybe, some of the land which is within our view as we write. For he sailed down the Winnipeg River, out on the wild waters of Lake Winnipeg, down the Red River, up the Assiniboine until he reached where today stands the city of Portage la Prairie.

Towering, snowclad barrier

And then, following in the steps of their brave father, came again his intrepid sons, until they were rewarded by the sight of the towering, snowclad barrier of the Rocky Mountains; gleaming and sparkling in the bright clear sunshine, the "Mountains of Bright Stones," as they were called in the maps of the eighteenth century.

We have travelled fast and far since those days; nowadays miles are quickly flung behind us, as we rush towards what was to them an unscalable wall, but which serves in our days to show to the world the march of engineering. Little did those brave brothers think as they gazed across the wide prairies to the beautiful peaks in the distance, that iron monsters would go snorting across the distances, and that this lonely land would be peopled by the adventurous, hardy spirits of the Old World, and that in the

track so fearlessly opened by them would follow hundreds and thousands of immigrants, ready and willing to cultivate the broad spaces of the New World for the benefit of the inhabitants of the homes across the sea.

Over the frozen wastes

Adventurous spirits did I say? They needed to be adventurous. By way of the north the British came, over the frozen wastes about the Hudson Bay, sailing down the broad expanse of Lake Winnipeg, past forbidding shores where now Manitobans spend their holiday season; to the mouth of the Red River they came, and further south still, until the Lord Selkirk Settlement became a realised fact, and there were actually white people living in the prairie lands. And still transportation difficulties were numerous; no communication with the Old Land, with its home comforts, and friendly faces, from year's end to year's end. Even a neighborly visit to a house a few miles away a big adventure, to be undertaken in fear and trembling—Indians, floods, wild animals, rain, snow—all to be reckoned with in no small degree.

Picture for a moment the swaying coach or wagon, drawn by four, or six, or even more mighty horses, rolling over the untracked prairie, the settler and his family in search of pastures new, all their worldly goods packed high around them. It needed bravery—perhaps of a different brand from that of La Verendrye—but nevertheless bravery and resource, for our hardy forbears to cut out a home, the forerunner of the cities West as we know it, in the lonely, bleak Western lands, at the "other end of nowhere," as it must have seemed to the immigrants.

All honor to those pioneers. They builded better than they knew. With every acre of land cleared, with every log cut for the building of their humble

cabins, with every nail hammered in; with every seed sown, and with every harvest reaped; with every winter braved and passed, and with every summer sun shining upon them; with each season of loneliness conquered, and with each neighborly friendship strengthened, the foundations of the country were being grounded more firmly and securely in the hearts of men and women who loved, and whose descendants still love the prairies and mountains of Western Canada.

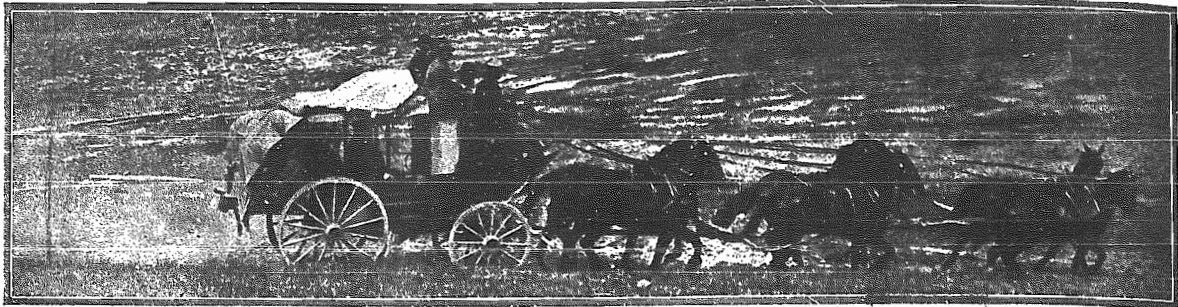
Shining rails and mighty engines

And then, slowly, but surely, ever creeping closer and nearer, came towards the West, the shining rails and mighty engines of the C.P.R. In 1881 the colossal work was commenced, and in 1887 a snorting, puffing, flower-bedecked engine steamed in amidst the ruins of Vancouver, just pulling itself together after the disastrous fire of 1886. The presumptuous dream, for such it had seemed, was now an accomplished fact. The God-given power of man had conquered the towering mountains, had bored tunnels through impassable barriers, had flung bridges over roaring mountain torrents, had cut and levelled a way across the plains for the giant expresses which lick up the miles from Atlantic to Pacific Oceans in what would be, to the eyes of La Verendrye, who started to blaze the trail, a miraculous space of time.

Wealth and progress

With the coming of the C.P.R. there sprang up along the line of gleaming rails towns and cities whose names are household words, synonymous with wealth and progress the world over—Winnipeg, Regina, Calgary, and others of lesser importance now, but which surely will, in years to come, rank with the influential cities of the world. And while this work of building up the Western Provinces was

(Continued on page 22)



"The swaying coach . . . rolling over the untracked prairie." See "Yesterday and Today in Canada"

Yesterday and Today in Canadian History

(Continued from page 21)

going on apace in the south, the railroads were accomplishing a like mission to the north, where the Canadian Northern and Grand Trunk Pacific Railroads were blazing the modern trail which now leads, by way of the C.N.R., to prosperous and flourishing Saskatoon, Edmonton, Prince Albert, and many other communities, and which, in a larger degree, opened the way to Northern British Columbia. Indeed, reviewing the history of the West, what would it have been without the dimcult-leveiling railroads!

So the wonders of the West keep mounting up. The wonder of La Verendrye's journeyings, and those of his courageous contemporaries; the wonder of the early settlers; the wonder of the glorious Rockies and golden plains; the wonder of the mighty railroads that span the Continent; the wonder of the brain of man who conceived the idea; and above all, the wonder of the God in it all. The God who put courage and bravery into the hearts of our ancestors; the God who created the loveliness and grandeur of the West; the God who has given man the power to make Canada into such a nation of resource and enterprise as will rank with the best and cleanest and most beautiful in the world.

And, to Salvation Army, and many other eyes, there marches in the wake of the railroad, another wonder, a mighty host, an army of men and women, whose mission in life it is to make plain to men and women, not the way which leads from coast to coast, but from earth to heaven.

Over the boundless Plains, once only echoing to the tramping of the buffalo herds, the gallop of the prairie ponies, or the wild, weird call of the coyote; among the towering mountains, where once only the sound of thunderous waterfalls and rushing rivers and footfalls of animals was heard, they come, heralded by the throbbing beat of the drum; the crash of music; the tramp of marching feet, a host whose banner is love, whose hearts God has touched, and whose Captain ever goes before.

(We are indebted to the Canadian Magazine for permission to reproduce the illustrations for this article; a courtesy which we gratefully acknowledge.—Ed.)

Rescued from Terror

A Western story of the early days—How the Bible set at rest the fears of a terror-stricken traveller

IT WAS in the early days out West, and Christmastide was close at hand. A young man in one of the Western back block towns was charged to carry a large sum of money across the prairie. He was employed by a bank, and his manager told him that he must ride on horseback, and deliver this money to a branch of the bank in a far distant city before the end of the week.

Not at all pleased with the prospect of a journey which would take him away from home just at the Christmas season, the messenger set forth. On the second day of his journey the wind began to blow, the blue sky changed to a leaden hue, and presently little flakes of snow came driving through the air. In a few minutes the rider was caught in a terrible blizzard.

He pressed bravely on, hoping to reach a little town where he was to rest for the night. But the snow blotted out the track across the prairie, and the darkness came falling across the world quicker than the snow. It seemed to the clerk that nothing on earth could possibly save him from a terrible death.

His horse was now quite beaten. He dismounted and went to its head, leading it by the bridle. The freezing wind was so sharp that he had to close his eyes. He blundered into drifts, stumbled down banks, and staggered against obstacles that threw him to the ground. He was not only spent for want of breath, he was all but frozen to death. From head to foot he was a mass of snow.

Suddenly, when hope seemed to be at its lowest, his weary and groaning horse lifted its head and whinnied. The clerk struggled to open his closed eyes, which were almost frozen together, and peered into the darkness. There, just ahead of him, was a flicker of light.

But as he staggered on he was puzzled to see no more lights. There was only this one faint glimmer in the midst of universal darkness.

He found himself standing before a wooden shanty in the midst of the prairie. He knocked on the door. After some moments a latch was lifted inside, and a woman peered out at him.

"May I come in?" asked the clerk. "I have lost my way in the storm."

The woman called to someone inside. A man joined her. He was a big, broad-shouldered and bearded person, with a scowling face. He eyed the clerk for a long time, asked him many questions, and presently grudgingly agreed to let him in.

"You can put your horse up in the stable," he said gruffly.

Some few minutes afterwards the poor traveller was seated before the wood fire inside this lonely prairie shack. He was saved from the storm. At least he would not die a lonely death in the midst of the blizzard. But was he safe?

This scowling man, this woman who never spoke and who eyed him furtively, could he trust himself in their hands? Suppose they heard the chink of his coins? Suppose they discovered his treasure when he was asleep? They might murder him.

Presently the man rose, and, fetching an axe, started to split some logs at the back of the room. The woman, after watching the young man very secretly and very suspiciously, got up and went over to the man. They exchanged a few whispered words.

The clerk decided that, come what might, he would not go to sleep. He would keep his eyes open. He would sit up beside the fire with his revolver ready for action and his treasure close at hand. The blows of the axe made him shudder.

The woman brought him some milk and bread.

"We are poor," she said, in a grumbling voice. "We can't afford anything more."

"I have some food in my haversack," said the clerk. "Let us share it together."

He rose and went over to the place where he had laid down his haversack. When he opened it a number of coins ran out and rolled across the floor. "You carry a lot of money!" growled the man.

This made the clerk more uneasy than ever. He said roughly that the money was not his, and returned to the fireside with the food. The man and woman looked at the things he had brought from his haversack, but refused to eat them.

When they had finished their simple supper, the woman whispered something to the man, and the man nodded his head. "It is time," he said to the clerk, "you went to bed."

The clerk said that he was not sleepy, and would prefer to sit up a little longer. The woman got up and prepared a rough bed for him in a corner of the room. The man said, "You had better go to bed." Again the clerk excused himself.

The woman called the man to her side and whispered to him again. The man answered in a gruff voice, "We'll wait a bit longer." Then he returned to the fire.

"Young man," said the woman, "it is time you lay down."

The clerk looked her in the eyes. "I cannot sleep," he replied. "I shall not sleep at all tonight. Directly the dawn breaks I shall start on my journey."

The man said, "Lie down and sleep for an hour. I will call you at dawn."

The clerk said, "I should not sleep."

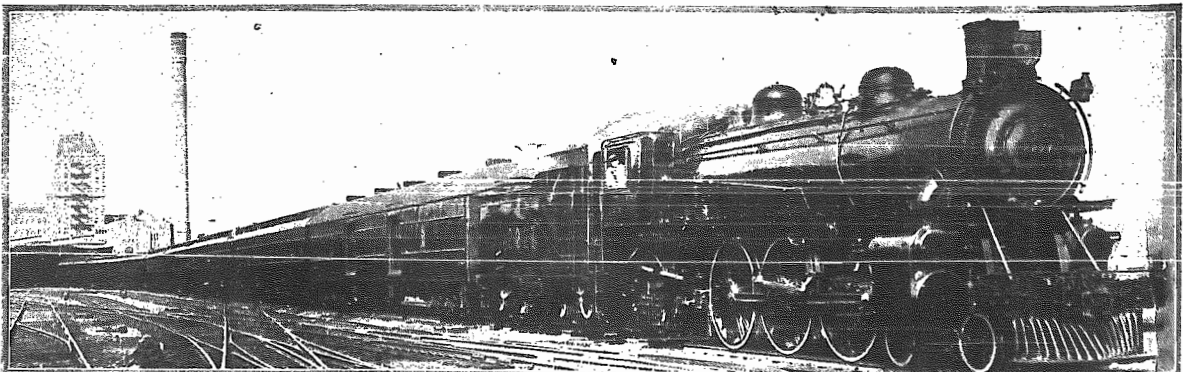
The woman leaned over to the man and whispered something into his ear. The man got up and stood with his back to the fire, facing the clerk.

"It's like this," he said. "Before we put out the light my wife and I always read a bit of the Bible together. And we're not used to company, but if you don't mind—"

The clerk said, "I don't mind at all."

The woman went to a drawer, opened it, and brought to the table a very old leather-bound Bible. The man sat down beside it, and the woman drew up her chair alongside of his and began to read a chapter of St. John's Gospel.

When the reading was over, the clerk rose and said, "I think I will lie down and rest." He was an atheist, but, as he lay on the rough bed, quite certain now that no harm would befall him, he marvelled at the power of the Bible; and gradually it came to him that there must be something Divine in a book which had so instantly set his fears at rest.



The fastest long distance train in the world. The Trans-Canada leaving Montreal for Vancouver, a distance of 2,886 miles, covered in 89 hours 15 minutes.

A PSALM OF THE LORD'S COMING

By night, and lo, the Angel of the Lord.

THAT'S just when the Lord would come;
Just when the night is at its darkest,
And the winter sky is at its blackest,
And no stars are gleaming,
And no moon is beaming,
And mysterious shapes are filling up the gloom
And temptations fierce are prowling round.
By night—
That's just when the Lord would come.

And the Angel said . . . "Fear not".

That's just what the Lord would say;
He came to save His people from their sin,
From all that causes fear within,
When most our hearts are quaking,
And doubt its toll is taking,
There comes a word full-fraught with song,
We wonder why the night was long.
Fear not—
That's just what the Lord would say.

And suddenly there was a heavenly host.

That's just how the Lord would come.
Just when we reached the limit of our strength—
The cord of life is at its utmost length—
When hearts are nigh to breaking,
And hope its farewell taking—
There comes a glint of dawn across the sky
To tell us that the Lord of life is nigh.
Suddenly—
That's just how the Lord would come.

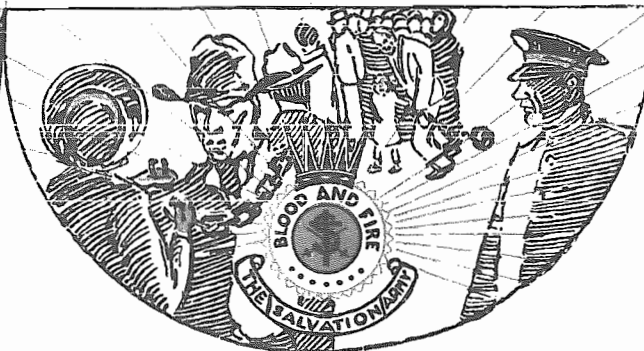
On earth peace, good will.

That's just what the Lord would bring
Into the fret and fever of this world of strife,
The common round and task of daily life,
A peace beyond explaining,
A joy nigh past containing,
Good will to every soul of every tribe and tongue,
Of widespread fame or those of deeds unsung.
Peace and goodwill—
That's just what the Lord would bring.

Let us . . . go . . . and see this which is come to pass.

Say, shall we go?
For we are just as welcome as the men of old,
To whom the glad some message first was told.
Our hearts aglow with adoration,
Our lives to give in fullest consecration.
We come, not to the manger, but the throne,
And kneeling there, His loving Kingship own.
Say, let us go
And find Him.

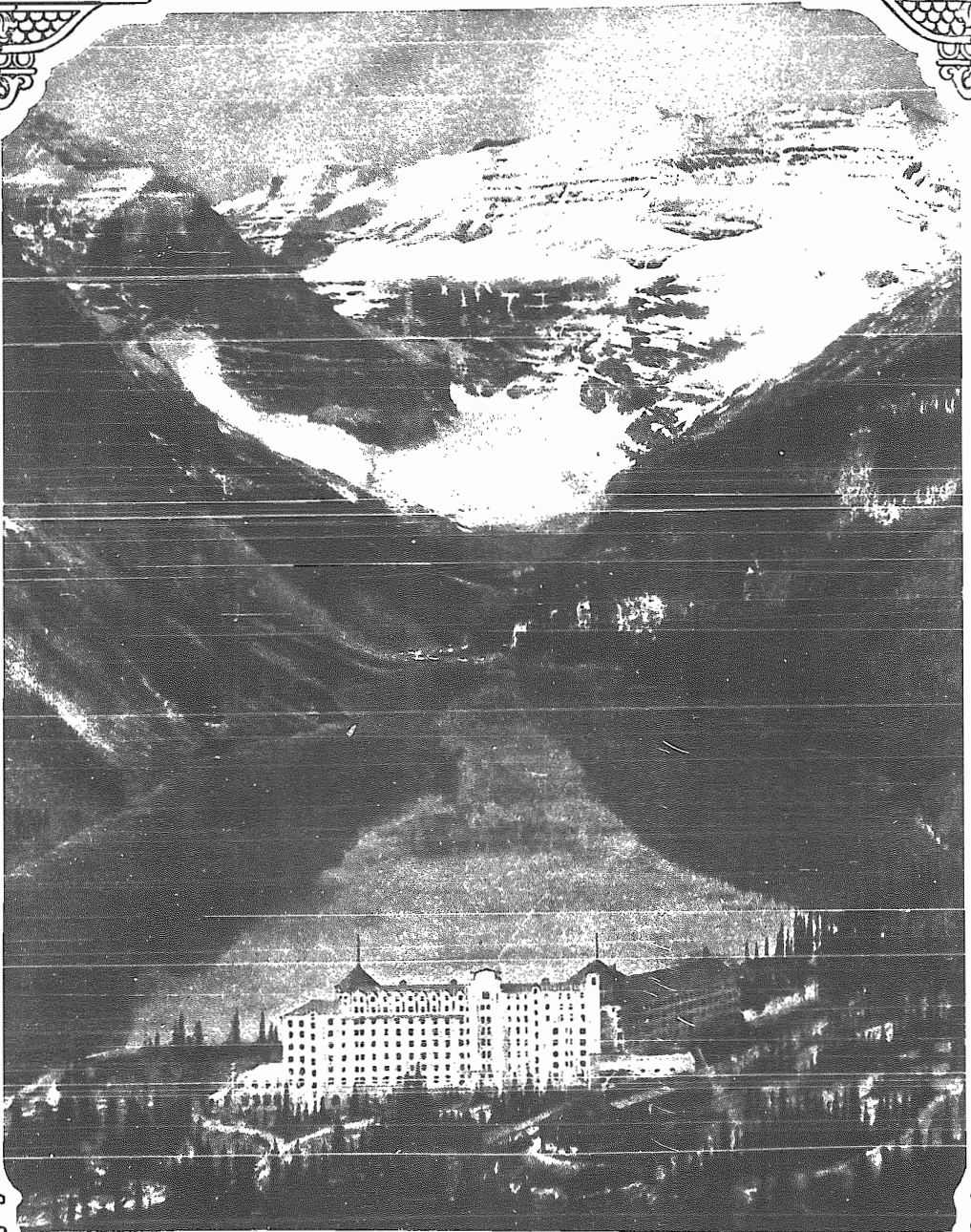
—“J”



THE WAR CRY

CHRISTMAS 1927

One of Canada's
World-famed
Beauty Spots



IN THE HEART OF THE ROCKIES LAKE LOUISE